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"I wish you could read this story as I did—in a bundle of galley proofs, no binding, no jacket to give you an idea what it's about, no raves from critics, no hints that it had been chosen by the Book Clubs both in England and here—and just come, unprejudiced and alone, upon its superlative enchantment". . . . (*See page 6*)

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Chronicles of Barabbas

by

George H. Doran

"One of the most delightful and richly entertaining books of reminiscences of recent years."

BEN RAY REDMAN
N. Y. Herald Tribune

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Heroes and Monsters

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

THIRTY years ago, I objected to the evasive idealism in American novels. Nowadays, I object to the aimless violence. Not that I oppose either evasiveness or violence as material for fiction, provided the whole cloth is not cut, as dressmakers say, on the bias, and draped round a lay figure in a uniform style. But whenever I watch the professional rebels against gentility basking in that lurid light so fashionable at present among the genteel, I remember with a smile the local thunder-storm that followed my first modest effort to overturn a literary convention.

Thus it occurs to me that the flavor of plain truth, culled from long and sometimes bitter experience, may not be unwholesome today. For of all the weeds that grow and run wild in Southern soil, plain truth is the most difficult to serve without sauce. Moreover, there does not exist in the South today, nor has there ever existed at any time, a treatment of truth in fiction so plain and broad that it could be called, with fairness, a school of realism. There are, no doubt, a few scattered realists, as lonely as sincerity in any field, who dwell outside the Land of Fable inhabited by fairies and goblins. But goblins are as unreal as fairies; and beneath the red paint and charcoal, Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones, is our battered old friend, Jack-the-Giant-Killer. We remain incurably romantic. Only a puff of smoke separates the fabulous Southern hero of the past from the fabulous Southern monster of the present —or the tender dreams of James Lane Allen from the fantastic nightmares of William Faulkner.

So I shall pass on while I toss a magnolia blossom to those intrepid novelists who have won fine Southern reputations in the North—the only climate, it appears, that has ever been favorable to Southern literary reputations. To confine myself to a few of the notable successes of the Spring, I congratulate Miss Chilton, Miss Roberts, Mr. Wolfe, Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Berry Fleming, Mr. Hamilton Basso. I welcome Mr. Stark Young's glowing reaffirmation of courage in defeat. I salute Dr. Freeman's superb life of Lee, which has restored not only pure biography to

Hoppé

A PLANTATION HOUSE

"Only a puff of smoke separates the fabulous Southern hero . . ." *(see next page)*

English letters, after a period of wild oats and light living, but even the obsolete word "duty" to the American tongue. And nothing, I am persuaded, unless it is a recovered faith in Santa Claus, could confer greater happiness on a liberated world than the miraculous resurrection of the sense of duty. In a sultry age, when we need the tonic of a bracing literature, character has become a lost quantity in fiction, and we miss the full, clear, commanding note of the disciplined mind. Our very vocabulary whines or blusters.

Turning from the formal traditions in Mr. Young's book, which is more history than romance, to the inflamed rabble of impulses in the contemporary Southern novel, one asks immediately: What is left of the pattern? Has Southern life—or is it only Southern fiction—become one vast, disordered sensibility? Is there no Southern horizon beyond Joyce? Where is that "immoderate past" celebrated in Mr. Allen Tate's loyal "Ode to the Confederate Dead"? Has "the salt of their blood" oozed away in a flicker of iridescent scum on the marshes? Does defeat always appear nobler than victory? Or is the whole tedious mass production of degeneracy in our fiction—the current literary gospel of futility and despair—merely a single symptom of the neuroses inflicted on its slaves by the conquering dynamo?

Already, I think, we have answered most of these questions. Not the South alone, but the whole modern world, after its recent bold escape from superstition, is in fact trembling before its own shadow. We are trying to run away from our shadows under the delusion that we are running away from the past. But it is as useless to run away from the past as it is to run away from what we call life. Wherever we go, we still carry life, and that root of life which is the past, in our tribal memories, in our nerves, in our arteries. All we can do is to deny or distort the shifting semblance we know as reality. And so the fantasy of abominations has stolen the proud stilts of the romantics. To borrow Mr. Gerald W. Johnson's amusing expression, Southern fiction "comes stepping high," as of old, only it is now stepping over a bog instead of a battlefield. Farther away, beyond the authentic masters of horror, press and push the rows of ambitious amateurs, who imagine that they are realists because they have tasted a stew of spoilt meat. But it takes more than spoilt meat to make realism. It takes, among other attributes, a seasoned philosophy and a mature outlook on life.

For thirty years I have had a part in the American literary scene, either as a laborer in the vineyard or as a raven croaking on a bust of Pallas. In all these years I have found that the only permanent law in art, as in the social order, is the law of change. Although it may be true that we cannot change human nature, history

(Continued on next page)

Next Week

EDNA FERBER: A PORTRAIT
By LOUIS BROMFIELD

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WRITERS
By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

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. . . *"from the fabulous Southern monster."* (*Scene from Caldwell's "Tobacco Road."*)

proves on every page, as Mr. John Chamberlain has observed, that we can and constantly do change human behavior. I have seen fashions in fiction and in behavior shift and alter and pass away while we watched them. I have seen reputations swell out and burst with wind and shrivel up into damp rags of India-rubber. I have seen, not without sardonic amusement, the balance of power in American letters pass from genteel mediocrity with hair on the face to truculent mediocrity with down on the chest.

For these and other reasons, the last position I would assume is that of the lone defender of the human species in modern fiction. I needed no peep at war to teach me that we live among evils. I needed no "planned economy" to prove to me that these evils are of our own making. It may be true, as our more popular novelists assure us, that we are doomed. It may be true that all is lost to us but moral and physical disintegration, and we should hasten out, while it is yet day, to gather in that rich literary harvest. This, I repeat, may be true. One may point to life and prove anything; it all depends on the pointing. And despair itself may be vital; it may be strong; it may be courageous; though only worms can survive the damp chill of negation. Few things, however, are more certain than this:—the literature that crawls too long in the mire will lose at last the power of standing erect. On the farther side of deterioration lies the death of a culture.

But, even so, when the worst has been written, it is not an ignoble fate—it is not an unhappy fate—to go down still fighting against the inevitable. That is a triumph of the will, not a surrender; and if nothing pleasanter may be said of the inevitable, at least it is worth fighting. Whatever contemporary fiction may think of love, the world has shown from the beginning that it loves fighters. Nor is the impulse toward something better, or at least different, confined to humanity; it runs back and forth through all nature. We are too apt to forget that the earliest recorded conquest over destiny was achieved by a fish. Nowadays, while we puzzle over the human mass movement back into the slime, it is well to remind ourselves of our first revolutionary ancestor, that "insane fish," so lovingly commemorated by Mr. James Branch Cabell, "who somehow evolved the idea that it was his duty to live on land, and eventually succeeded in doing it." Surely that high exploit deserves a more appropriate memorial than sophisticated barbarism and the sentimental cult of corruption.

The revolutionary fish no longer leaps. Although the word Revolution is in the air, the true spirit is wanting. Instead, we breathe in a suffocating sense of futility. That liberal hope of which we dreamed in my youth appears to have won no finer freedom than an age of little fads and the right to cry ugly words in the street. Not for whims like these do men unite and live or die happily. The true revolution may end in a ditch or in the shambles; but it must begin in the stars. There must be bliss, as Wordsworth found, in that dawn, "with human nature seeming born again."

I am not asking the novelist of the Southern Gothic school to change his material. The Gothic as Gothic, not as pseudo-realism, has an important place in our fiction. Besides, I know too well that the born novelist does not choose his subject; he is chosen by it. All I ask him to do is to deal as honestly with living tissues as he now deals with decay, to remind himself that the colors of putrescence have no greater validity for our age, or for any age, than have—let us say, to be very daring—the cardinal virtues. For, as a great modern philosopher has written: "An honorable end is the one thing that cannot be taken from a man."

This article was read to the Friends of the Princeton Library on April 25.

"The First American Writers' Congress"

By John Chamberlain

LAST week in New York City, at Mecca Temple on Friday evening and at The New School for Social Research on Saturday and Sunday, writers of a generally "leftist" orientation gathered to attend what was advertised as the First American Writers' Congress. The aim of the Congress was to create a League of American Writers to oppose the spread of both fascism and war. Moving spirits in calling this Congress were the American Communist Party and the editors and contributors to the communist literary periodicals, such as *The New Masses* and *The Partisan Review,* but the instigators disavowed any desire to create a specifically communist organization. The League, it was explained, would be broadly based, a united front manœuvre, with only fascists and "out-and-out" reactionaries excluded. Membership in it will not imply acceptance of the Communist political position.

So far as literature goes, the speakers at the various sessions certainly showed no willingness to accept any "party line" for criticism, the drama, the novel, and poetry. Earl Browder, speaking for the Communist Party at the Mecca Temple gathering, said there was no desire on the part of the communists to make good writers over into "bad strike leaders," to dictate the forms or the materials of the writer, or to put artists into uniform. The New School sessions, at which Edwin Seaver discussed the "proletarian novel," Isidor Schneider "proletarian poetry," and James T. Farrell the short story, developed a wide diversity of opinion, with Mr. Farrell, at least, seemingly contradicting the speech made by Granville Hicks on the "Development of Marxist Criticism." Josephine Herbst, author of "The Executioner Waits," stood on Mr. Seaver's side against those who urged on all proletarian writers the example of Zola who went out to investigate the lot of the coal miners of France. Among the other speakers at the New School sessions were Malcolm Cowley, Kenneth Burke, Corliss Lamont, Edward Dahlberg, John Howard Lawson, Meridel Le Sueur, Tillie Lerner, Jack Conroy, Waldo Frank, Matthew Josephson, Henry Hart, and Alexander Trachtenberg.

The absence of Trotskyite and socialist writers, of "third party" advocates and free lance radicals, from the meetings of the congress raises questions which cannot be discussed in the brief space of this report. I shall consider these, and other aspects of the American Writers' Congress, in a more extended article in next week's *Saturday Review.*

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The Fever Chart of War

ROAD TO WAR. AMERICA: 1914-1917. *By Walter Millis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

FOR the first time historians are putting war on a microscopic slide, examining the war bug with some sort of scientific precision. "The pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," which has cast a golden shadow over most of man's written history, is tarnished as war gets under the fishy, appraising eye of man in this new scientific age. The nineteenth century and to some extent the eighteenth century looked at war as the result of diplomatic incompetence and disorder. It is no new thing to consider war as a breakdown of diplomacy. But war as a pathological phenomenon in the social body is comparatively a new view of the ancient pastime of kings in boredom.

Walter A. Millis, who has now written "Road to War. America: 1914-1917," put a smear of war on the microscopic slide four years ago when he wrote "The Martial Spirit," which was a narrative of the causes leading to the Spanish-American War. His book attracted favorable attention in 1931 and was one of the first intelligent, careful historical experiments in tracing the rise of the war fever in this nation. Mr. Millis has learned something in the last four years, or perhaps his research problem, in reviewing the steps which Americans took into the World War in 1917, is easier today than it was when Mr. Millis went back a generation and recovered the truth about the Spanish-American War and the events of 1896, 1897, and 1898. At any rate this later book is more convincing than the earlier one, which is meant to be high praise. Perhaps the specimen on the slide is fresher, cleaner, more definitely discernible, more a part of the author's memory than the events which formed his earlier narrative, events which culminated a generation ago, before the author was born.

International

PRESIDENT WILSON

Leading the Preparedness Parade in Washington, June 15, 1916

But the kind of research Mr. Millis has been turning upon the World War, men have been turning upon the Civil War for a decade. The recent biographies of Lee, of Jefferson Davis, of Stephen A. Douglas, of Thaddeus Stevens prove indubitably that the Civil War was a preventable social disease. In those days Horace Greeley was clamoring about the "irrepressible conflict" and making it inevitable with every puff of his fiery editorial breath. In those days young men like William Dean Howells gaily writing in the Columbus newspapers were consciously and mischievously publishing editorials to "fire the Southern heart," as he recalls in his memoirs. It would not be difficult to go into public documents, into the newspaper files, and into the vast hoard of letters that is now being stored away in public libraries at the North and in the South, and put together the details of a fever chart of the Civil War which would reveal it not as an inevitable arbitrament in blood but as a loathsome social disease.

Time is long and, of course, some intelligent scientific story of the Civil War in its pathological aspects will come in due course. But now we have Mr. Millis's brilliant case history of America's entrance into the World War in 1917. Here is the first straightaway story of the effect of the war fever in the blood of a democracy. Others have written the story of America's entrance into the war from various angles. Such books follow every war, but no one except Mr. Millis has gone through the whole muddled mass of these and scores of other documents and has picked out the related details which show rather coldbloodedly, but never with a dull line, just how the populace, the public servants, the diplomats, the generals, all slowly began to react to the war bug and how the war bug got into the blood of the people, sent up the public temperature slowly at first, rapidly at last, until the fever was clearly marked on the chart. No one read the chart. Yet in those six months between November 1916, when Wilson "kept us out of war" and was re-elected for it, until April 1917, when he took us into the war and was proud of it, the fever chart shot upward, and we were at war.

Every page of Mr. Millis's narrative is quotable, but, alas, no one page does anything like justice to the book, for it is a closely knit narrative. The story moves slowly but inexorably, and with rising power yet without melodramatic climax. The book will refresh the memory of the average man who has come out of his thirties and he will recall many forgotten episodes here carefully recorded, episodes which make a part of the pattern of the "road to war," stones in the mounting *via doloroso* to the brink of the pit. Who, for instance, remembers that Senator Lodge had a rough and tumble fight in the corridors of the Capitol with a Mr. Bannawart, "thirty-six and athletic," and the senator "spare and sixty-seven . . . floored the traitor with his first blow"? Who will remember the 14,000 white flower bearers, many of them carrying white tulips, crowding the railway station in New York to take the night train for Washington just before the President had written his war message? Who will remember the pacifist host led by the late David Starr Jordan in the Capitol, trying to organize a parade after it had been refused a police permit? And how few who lived through those days will remember that this was "a war to end wars," that this was "a war to make the world safe for democracy," and that we were all going into war to crush militarism? We forget the thing that chafes. The last ten pages of Mr. Millis's narrative are splendid examples of literary repression. He has cut out the stage lights, torn down the gaudy panoply that often shades the ugly features of young war, and has shown us at the last, as the President read his war message, the sad, miserable end where the war fever turns the overwrought patient into ugly delirium. It is, as Artemus Ward would say, "a highly moral show."

Bachrach

WALTER MILLIS

William Allen White, veteran editor of the Emporia Gazette *(Kansas), went to France during the World War as observer for the American Red Cross.*

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Wishes Were Horses

NATIONAL VELVET. By Enid Bagnold. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I WISH you could read this story as I did—in a bundle of galley proofs, no binding, no jacket to give you an idea what it's about, no raves from critics, no hints that it had been chosen by the Book Clubs both in England and here—and just come, unprejudiced and alone, upon its superlative enchantment. It's impossible now to read it without at least knowing that it deals with horses and a horse-race, which may put some people off. I understand that too: horses in books (except for the immortal Somerville and Ross) don't usually mean much to me. The horse is always described as a noble animal, and nobility is so often a rather solemn depressing trait. I have great respect for him, the warmest admiration for his curly suede nostrils, his shining buttocks, but something in his eye tells me we will never be intimate. Perhaps on account of his superior size and strength he failed to acquire the compensation of humor. And even in his extravagantly lovable book the irritable crotchety old mare Miss Ada remains in memory more clear than beautiful Sir Pericles or even the heroic Piebald himself.

Drawing by Laurian Jones, from "National Velvet"

But all that doesn't matter. By the time you have read two or three chapters describing the home life of the Browns, among the South Downs of Sussex overlooking the sea, you are bewitched. With the loveliest humor and feeling, with words that are alive, fresh, simply and unwaveringly accurate, Enid Bagnold puts them before us. Mr. Brown the butcher, Mrs. Brown the massive flesh-encumbered woman of few words (she had once been a champion Channel swimmer, now grown fat), the four girls like golden antelopes, Donald the urchin saving up his spit in a spit bottle, toddling about unbreeched with "his behinds as white and shiny as peeled eggs," Mi Taylor the red-headed hired man and Jacob the hypocritical old fox terrier—when you get them all together in the dining room (adjoining the slaughter house) you have one of the best meal tables in literature. Miss Bagnold is exact and perfect in every detail. How absolutely correct—it would never occur to her that it is "correct," only to the distant observer—is that English food. Castle pudding with hot jam, kedgeree, mutton and capers ("the meat's sour" said Donald), gooseberry fool, milk pudding, these more than the playing fields of Eton are the spine of British doings. With never an overplus word, no slackening of pace, with loving magic power, she puts us inside in. We *are* the Browns. We *are* Velvet, the pale scraggy child of fourteen with her torturing gold plate straightening her rabbity teeth, smuggling it into her lap for a moment's ease while her father's out of the room. We *are* 15-year-old Meredith, whose nose bleeds (over the clean muslin dress) because her canary went small and died. We *are* every one of Donald's argumentative retorts. If he killed the ant, the ant asked him to. If he only rolls the food around his reluctant mouth and ejects it on the plate, "I can't swallow, 'taint slidy." We *are* Mrs. Brown whose massive stays (she bought cheap ones, steel not whalebone) have wounded her broad back. We *are* Jacob, wary old terrier making prudent detour around Mi Taylor's foot. I do not know where you would go in recent fiction to find a family interior more superbly captured, made real; every line of dialogue true, moving, progressive, relevant to plot. And this is not accident or a mere gush of charm; Enid Bagnold knows well that if we are to accept and be ravished by the fantastic wish-fulfilment story to come we must be set solidly in the actual. And so we are. Her pages have the clear lightsome freshness and candor of the first day of spring: even the million times battered and fatigued mind of the adult reader capitulates to her magic. By the time we've read three chapters we accept anything. The crazy piebald, the horse that couldn't stand being shut up, that was always breaking away, clearing stone walls, thundering through the village street, becomes Velvet's own. She, who has prayed her childish prayer "Let me be the best rider in England" becomes just that. What happens then, described with breathless gusto and tingling every innocent nerve with pure consummation, I will not mention. It leads us thereafter, inevitably, into a change of tone. We can only conclude in a timbre of satire. The author, smiling a little to herself, assures us in a codicil that nothing in the stated rules of the Grand National Steeplechase would make the story impossible. By that time we do not really worry about such minutiæ. We have had the catharsis, the wishfulfilment we need. We rejoice to see solemn institutions, the Press and the great moguls of Sport, confounded by our adorable Velvet. She is our ugly duckling, our own precious imagined triumph. "Don't let Donald start whying" said one of the girls, those golden greyhounds. Likewise don't let the reader or the Grand National stewards start whying. In its own vein, and for those who can ride the flying trapeze of fancy, this is a masterpiece. Should we say something solemn and sociological? Very well then: you can learn more about the mind of childhood from this book than from many volumes of pedogogy. The mind of childhood, zigzag, indolent, unblemished by the subjunctive mood, is the mind of any great artist. Disregard the dull dutiful attempt of any critic to praise this lovely escapade. Read it for its humble magic. Read it to be one of the Browns.

April of the World

DEW IN APRIL. By John Clayton. New York: Kendall & Sharp. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I GIVE you three warnings. This is a very long novel; it deals with life in Provence in the early thirteenth century; and there's a lot about convents and monasteries in it. I grant it three merits. It is beautifully written. It has a fascinating heroine. There is nothing dryasdust about it at all.

I'll just say that it seems to me a strikingly good historical novel. I sat on a bench close to Lafayette Street, down near the Criminal Court Building, of an April noon—and despite the gasoline oasis opposite and the trucks thundering and the taxis swishing by, I was back in the thirteenth century, and lost in the songs they sang and the stories they told then. The April of the world breathes through this book; albeit Mr. Clayton shows us the brutality and bawdry of the time as well as the gentler side. He gives us more than a hint of the pageantry too; and when I say he is a poet in his prose, I don't mean that he deals in faint fragrances or semiprecious writing. He is the poet who is dramatist as well and whose lines throb with life.

So take up the brave tale of the gallant young Pedro and the spirited Dolores. Seek out the beautiful and tragic prioress, Mother Leonor, and the fanatical Fray Sebastian. Exult in that amorous cellarer, Brother Hilarius. This book is as rich in word-color as is its jacket in actual color, and it deserves the purple in which it is bound. The medieval Hell and Heaven lend a fine flavor to the volume.

But don't forget I warned you in the first place. If you can't abide historical novels, particularly of so distant a century—as some can't—then eschew this one. For myself, John Clayton is a find. So far as I can tell, he is conscientious in research, and his information never weighs upon you. And he creates for you a Dolores who richly accepts life; who can crack her fingers, gypsy fashion, in the teeth of the thunder; and whom love rewards with the birth of a delightful Pedrillo. The title of the book is taken from that loveliest of ancient anonymous English songs, "I sing of a maiden That is makéles."

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Ode to Walt Whitman

(May 31, 1819—March 26, 1892)

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

NOW comes Fourth Month and the early buds on the trees.
By the roads of Long Island, the forsythia has flowered,
In the North, the cold will be breaking; even in Maine
The cold will be breaking soon; the young, bull-voiced freshets
Roar from green mountains, gorging the chilly brooks
With the brown, trout-feeding waters, the unlocked springs;
Now Mississippi stretches with the Spring rains. . . .

It is forty years and more,
The time of the ripeness and withering of a man,
Since you lay in the house in Camden and heard, at last,
The great, slow, footstep, splashing the Third Month snow
In the little, commonplace street
—Town snow, already trampled and growing old,
Soot-flecked and dingy, patterned with passing feet,
The bullet-pocks of rain, the strong urine of horses,
The slashing, bright steel runners of small boys' sleds
Hitching on behind the fast cutters.
They dragged their sleds to the tops of the hills and yelled
The Indian yell of all boyhood, for pure joy
Of the cold and the last gold light and the swift rush down
Belly-flopping into darkness, into bedtime.
You saw them come home, late, hungry and burning-cheeked,
The boys and girls, the strong children,
Dusty with snow, their mittens wet with the silver drops of thawed snow.

All winter long, you had heard their sharp footsteps passing,
The skating crunch of their runners,
An old man, tied to a house, after many years,
An old man with his rivery, clean white hair,
His bright eyes, his majestic poverty,
His fresh pink skin like the first strawberry-bloom,
His innocent, large, easy old man's clothes
—Brown splotches on the hands of clean old men
At County Farms or sitting on warm park-benches
Like patient flies, talking of their good sons,
"Yes, my son's good to me"—
An old man, poor, without sons, waiting achingly
For Spring to warm his lameness,
For Spring to flourish,
And yet, when the eyes glowed, neither old nor tied.

All winter long there had been footsteps passing,
Steps of postmen and neighbors, quick steps of friends,
All winter long you had waited that great, snow-treading step,
The enemy, the vast comrade,
The step behind, in the wards, when the low lamp flickered
And the sick boy gasped for breath,
"Lean on me! Lean upon my shoulder! By God, you shall not die!"
The step ahead, on the long, wave-thundering beaches of Paumanok,
Invisible, printless, weighty,
The shape half-seen through the wet, sweet sea-fog of youth,
Night's angel and the dark Sea's,
The grand, remorseless treader,
Magnificent Death.

"Let me taste all, my flesh and my fat are sweet,
My body hardy as lilac, the strong flower.
I have tasted the calamus; I can taste the nightbane."

Always the water about you since you were born,
The endless lapping of water, the strong motion,
The gulls by the ferries knew you, and the wild sea-birds,
The sandpiper, printing the beach with delicate prints.
At last, old, wheeled to the wharf, you still watched the water,
The tanned boys, flat-bodied, diving, the passage of ships,
The proud port, distant, the people, the work of harbors. . . .

"I have picked out a bit of hill with a southern exposure.
I like to be near the trees. I like to be near
The water-sound of the trees."

Now, all was the same in the cluttered, three-windowed room,
Low-ceiled, getting the sun like a schooner's cabin,
The crowding photos hiding the ugly wall-paper.
The floor-litter, the strong chair, timbered like a ship,
The hairy black-and-silver of the old wolfskin;
In the back-yard, neither lilac nor pear yet bloomed
But the branch of the lilac swelling with first sap;
And there, in the house, the figures, the nurse, the woman,
The passing doctor, the friends, the little clan,
The disciple with the notebook who's always there.

All these and the pain and the water-bed to ease you
And you said it rustled of oceans and were glad
And the pain shut and relaxed and shut once more.

"Old body, counsellor, why do you thus torment me?
Have we not been friends from our youth?"

But now it came,
Slow, perceived by no others,
The splashing step through the grey, soft, Saturday rain,
Inexorable footstep of the huge friend.
"Are you there at last, fine enemy?
Ah haste, friend, hasten, come closer!
Breathe upon me with your grave, your releasing lips!
I have heard and spoken; watched the bodies of boys

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Flash in the copper sun and dive to green waters,
Seen the fine ships and the strong matrons and the tall axemen,
The young girls, free, athletic; the drunkard, retching
In his poor dream; the thief taken by officers;
The President, calm, grave, advising the nation;
The infant, with milk-wet lips in his bee-like slumber.
They are mine; all, all are mine; must I leave them, truly?
I have cherished them in my veins like milk and fruit.
I have warmed them at my bare breast like the eggs of pigeons.
The great plains of the buffalo are mine, the towns, the hills, the ship-bearing waters.
These States are my wandering sons.
I had them in my youth; I cannot desert them.
The green leaf of America is printed on my heart forever."

Now it entered the house, it marched upon the stair.
By the bedside the faces dimmed, the huge shoulder blotting them,
—It is so they die on the plains, the great, old buffalo,
The herd-leaders, the beasts with the kingly eyes,
Innocent, curly-browed,
They sink to the earth like mountains, hairy and silent,
And their tongues are cut by the hunter.
Oh, singing tongue!
Great tongue of bronze and salt and the free grasses,
Tongue of America, speaking for the first time,
Must the hunter have you at last?

Now, face to face, you saw him
And lifted the right arm once, as a pilot lifts it,
Signalling with the bell,
In the passage at night, on the river known yet unknown,
—Perhaps to touch his shoulder, perhaps in pain—
Then the rain fell on the roof and the twilight darkened
And they said that in death you looked like a marvelous old, wise child.

2

It is Fourth Month now and Spring in another century,
Let us go to the hillside and ask; he will like to hear us;
"Is it good, the sleep?"
"It is good, the sleep and the waking.
I have picked out a bit of hill where the south sun warms me.
I like to be near the trees."

Nay, let him ask, rather.
"Is it well with you, comrades?
The cities great, portentous, humming with action?
The bridges mightily spanning wide-breasted rivers?
The great plains growing the wheat, the old lilac hardy, well-budded?
Is it well with these States?"

"The cities are great, portentous, a world-marvel,
The bridges arched like the necks of beautiful horses.
We have made the dry land bloom and the dead land blossom."

"Is it well with these States?"

"The old wound of your war is healed and we are one nation.
We have linked the whole land with the steel and the hard highways.
We have fought new wars and won them. In the French field
There are bones of Texarkana and Little Falls,
Aliens, our own; in the low-lying Belgian ground;
In the cold sea of the English; in dark-faced islands.
Men speak of them well or ill; they themselves are silent."

"Is it well with these States?"

"We have made many, fine new toys.
We—
There is a rust on the land.
A rust and a creeping blight and a scaled evil,
For six years growing, yet deeper than those six years,
Men labor to master it but it is not mastered.
There is the soft, grey, foul tent of the hatching worm
Shrouding the elm, the chestnut, the Southern cypress.
There is shadow in the bright sun, there is shadow upon the streets.
They burn the grain in the furnace while men go hungry.
They pile the cloth of the looms while men go ragged.
We walk naked in our plenty."

"My tan-faced children?"

"These are your tan-faced children.
These skilled men, idle, with the holes in their shoes.
These drifters from State to State, these wolvish, bewildered boys
Who ride the blinds and the box-cars from jail to jail,
Burnt in their youth like cinders of hot smokestacks,
Learning the thief's crouch and the cadger's whine,
Dishonored, abandoned, disinherited.
These, dying in the bright sunlight they cannot eat,
Or the strong men, sitting at home, their hands clasping nothing,
Looking at their lost hands.
These are your tan-faced children, the parched young,
The old man rooting in waste-heaps, the family rotting
In the flat, before eviction,
With the toys of plenty about them,
The shiny toys making ice and music and light,
But no price for the shiny toys and the last can empty.
The sleepers in blind corners of the night.
The women with dry breasts and phantom eyes.
The walkers upon nothing, the four million.
These are your tan-faced children."

"But the land?"

"Over the great plains of the buffalo-land,
The dust-storm blows, the choking, sifting, small dust.
The skin of that land is ploughed by the dry, fierce wind
And blown away, like a torrent;
It drifts foot-high above the young sprouts of grain
And the water fouls, the horses stumble and sicken,
The washboard cattle stagger and die of drought.
We tore the buffalo's pasture with the steel blade.
We made the waste land blossom and it has blossomed.
That was our fate; now that land takes its own revenge,
And the giant dust-flower blooms above five States."

"But the gains of the years, who got them?"

"Many, great gains.
Many, yet few; they robbed us in the broad daylight,
Saying, 'Give us this and that; we are kings and titans;
We know the ropes; we are solid; we are hard-headed;
We will build you cities and railroads.'—as if *they* built them!
They, the preying men, the men whose hearts were like engines,
Gouging the hills for gold, laying waste the timber,
The men like band-saws, moving over the land.
And, after them, the others,
Soft-bodied, lacking even the pirate's candor,
Men of paper, robbing by paper, with paper faces,
Rustling like frightened paper when the storm broke.
The men with the jaws of moth and aphis and beetle,
Boring the dusty, secret hole in the corn,
Fixed, sucking the land, with neither wish nor pride
But the wish to suck and continue.
They have been sprayed, a little.
But they say they will have the land back again, these men."

"There were many such in my time.
I have seen the rich arrogant and the poor oppressed.
I have seen democracy, also. I have seen
The good man slain, the knave and the fool in power,
The democratic vista botched by the people,
Yet not despaired, loving the giant land,
Though I prophesied to these States."

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"Now they say we must have one tyranny or another
And a dark bell rings in our hearts."

"Was the blood spilt for nothing, then?"

3

Under dry winter
Arbutus grows.
It is careless of man.
It is careless of man.

Man can tear it,
Crush it, destroy it,
Uproot the trailers,
The thumb-shaped leafings.

A man in gray clothes
May come there also,
Lie all day there
In weak Spring sunlight.

White, firm-muscled,
The flesh of his body;
Wind, sun, earth
In him, possessing him.

In his heart
A flock of birds crying.
In his belly
The new grass growing.

In his skull
Sunlight and silence,
Like a vast room
Full of sunlight and silence.

In the lines of his palms
The roads of America,
In the knot of his hands
The anger of America.

In the sweat of his flesh
The sorrows of America,
In the seed of his loins
The glory of America.

The sap of the birch-tree
Is in his pelt,
The maple, the red-bud
Are his nails and parings.

He grows through the earth and is part of it like the roots of new grass.

Little arbutus,
Delicate, tinted,
Tiny, tender,
Fragile, immortal.

If you can grow,
A man can grow
Not like others
But like a man.

Man is a bull,
But he has not slain you.
And this man lies
Like a lover beside you.

Beside the arbutus,
The green-leaved Spring,
He lies like a lover
By his young bride,
In the white hour,
The white, first waking.

4

They say, they say, they say and let them say.
Call you a revolutionist—you were one—
A nationalist—you were one—a man of peace,
A man describing battles, an old fraud,
A Charlus, an adept self-advertiser,
A "good, gray poet"—oh, God save us all!
God save us from the memoirs and the memories!
And yet, they count. They have to. If they didn't
There'd be no Ph.Ds. And each disciple
Jealously guards his own particular store
Of acorns fallen from the oak's abundance
And spits and scratches at the other gatherers.
"I was there when he died!"
"He was not there when he died!"
"It was me he trusted, me! X got on his nerves!
He couldn't stand X in the room!"
"Y's well-intentioned
But a notorious liar—and, as for Z . . ."

So all disciples, always and forever.
—And the dire court at Longwood, those last years,
The skull of Sterne, grinning at the anatomists,
Poe's hospital-bed, the madness of the Dean,
The bright, coughing blood Keats wrote in to the girl,
The terrible corpse of France, shrunk, naked and solitary—
Oh yes, you were spared some things.
Though why did Mrs. Davis sue the estate
And what did you mean when you said—
And who cares?
You're still the giant lode we quarry
For gold, fools' gold and all the earthy metals,
The matchless mine.
Still the trail-breaker, still the rolling river.

You and your land, your turbulent, seeking land
Where anything can grow.

And they have wasted the pasture and the fresh valley,
Stunk the river, shot the ten thousand sky-darkening pigeon
To build sham castles for imitation Medici
And the rugged sons of the rugged sons of death.
The slum, the sharecropper's cabin, the senseless tower,
The factory town with the dirty stoops of twilight,
The yelling cheapness, the bitter want among plenty,
But never Monticello, never again.

And there are many years in the dust of America
And they are not ended yet.

Far North, far North are the sources of the great river,
The headwaters, the cold lakes,
By the little sweet-tasting brooks of the blond country,
The country of snow and wheat,
Or west among the black mountains, the glacial springs.
Far North and West they lie and few come to them, few taste them,
But, day and night, they flow South,
By the French grave and the Indian, steadily flowing,
By the forgotten camps of the broken heart,
By the countries of black earth, fertile, and yellow earth and red earth,
A growing, a swelling torrent:
Rivers meet it, and tiny rivulets,
Meet it, stain it,
Great rivers, rivers of pride, come bowing their watery heads
Like muddy gift-bearers, bringing their secret burdens,
Rivers from the high horse-plains and the deep, cow-fattening pastures
Sink into it and are lost and rejoice and shout with it, shout within it,
They and their secret gifts,

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A fleck of gold from Montana, a sliver of steel from Pittsburgh,
A wheat-grain from Minnesota, an apple-blossom from Tennessee,
Roiled, mixed with the mud and earth of the changing bottoms
In the vast, rending floods,
But rolling, rolling from Arkansas, Kansas, Iowa,
Rolling from Ohio, Wisconsin, Illinois,
Rolling and shouting:
Till, at last, it is Mississippi,
The Father of Waters; the matchless; the great flood
Dyed with the earth of States; with the dust and the sun and the seed of half the States;
The huge heart-vein, pulsing and pulsing; gigantic; ever broader, ever mightier;
It rolls past broken landings and camellia-smelling woods; strange birds fly over it;
It rolls through the tropic magic, the almost-jungle, the warm darkness breeding the warm, enormous stars;
It rolls to the blue Gulf; ocean; and the painted birds fly.
The grey moss mixes with it, the hawk's feather has fallen in it,
The cardinal feather, the feather of the small thrush
Singing Spring to New England,
The apple-pip and the pepper-seed and the checkerberry,
And always the water flowing, earthy, majestic,
Fed with snow and heat, dew and moonlight,
Always the wide, sure water,
Over the rotted deer-horn
The gold, Spanish money,
The long-rusted iron of many undertakings,
Over De Soto's bones and Joliet's wonder,
And the long forest-years before them, the brief years after
The broad flood, the eternal motion, the restless-hearted,
Always, forever, Mississippi, the god.

The illustrations for "Ode to Walt Whitman" were drawn by Charles Child, who illustrated "A Book of Americans" by Stephen Vincent Benét and Rosemary Benét. An exhibition of Mr. Child's paintings was recently held at the Worcester Art Museum.

The Education of a Prig

YOUNG JOSEPH. By Thomas Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL A. NOCK

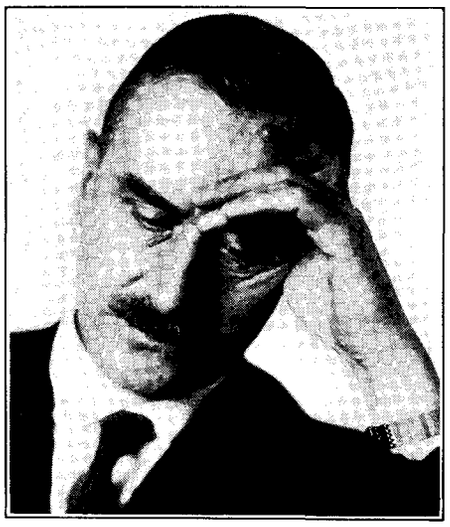
A GOOD many of us, in our Sunday School days, got the story of Joseph pretty well into our heads, along with an interpretation that had the virtue of simplicity if not that of sense. Some of us have had opportunity since then to hear more or less theological interpretations of the story, which often enough had neither simplicity nor sense. Now that Thomas Mann has published his second volume of the trilogy on Joseph, it is no bad idea to turn back to the King James Version and find out just what the story is, after all. I have just read again the tale as it is told in Genesis—read it with considerable astonishment: for I had not remembered that it was the merest skeleton of a tale. But what Dr. Mann has made it is something else. He has taken the skeleton of a story and put flesh upon it, in such manner that not only Joseph and those about him are living persons, but also their conduct is intelligible.

What made the brethren hate Joseph? Surely not the fact that his father gave him a gaudy coat. Why did they sell him into Egypt? Surely not merely because Jahveh had some plans up his sleeve. The motive, like the motive of all supreme drama, must have lain in conflict of human wills and human desires; and it is this motive that Dr. Mann makes clear. No one could hate a young man merely because he was set apart by God; but a good many people could get pretty well irritated with a young fellow who consistently did what he thought to be right, without consulting either expediency or the thoughts and beliefs of others with whom he was in daily contact. That is what Dr. Mann's Joseph did. He was a charming and lovable chap; but he never considered other people and what was dear to them; sure of his superiority, he went his way, and treated with an unbearable if unwitting pride those whom he considered of less importance than himself. Even in his gentle dealings with Benjamin, Joseph assumed, utterly without malice, that he was superior to his brothers.

Joseph's brothers, quite aware of the fact that there was something in the youngster which they themselves did not possess, naturally felt grieved when the boy naively showed off. Ordinary men, finding an extraordinary man in their midst, the brothers could not endure the combination of Joseph and Jacob. They left home, silent because they could not speak, because they did not know just what it was that troubled them so much. And then Joseph came after them.

It was too much; even in voluntary exile their annoyance sought them out, and appeared in the coat, the sign and symbol of that superiority which had cost them all they desired and which made them afraid. And in wrath and terror they did away with that force that they could not meet; like many men after their time, they met intellectual power with physical violence. And then went back to Jacob, only to discover that intellectual power is not ever permanently done away with by brute force.

The brothers, as Dr. Mann portrays them, are men with whom one can have a great deal of sympathy—more, perhaps, than with Joseph. For in the otherwise somewhat tedious accounts of religions which Joseph gives to Benjamin we hear the voice of a prig; and this priggishness in Joseph is what must leave him before he can accomplish that which he must accomplish. During his three days of agony in the well Joseph at last understands his own nature, so that after his deliverance he will certainly be able to live with his fellow-men in peace and harmony, in spite of his superiority.



THOMAS MANN

Joseph, in physical and mental anguish, overcame himself. But the brothers, unable to think, unable to understand, faced nothing, after their crime, but brute unhappiness, until the day when the whole business faded more or less into the past that seems as though it has never been. The brothers are worthy of sympathetic consideration, not only because of the results of their actions on themselves, but because of their very actions. Violence has once again defeated itself.

There is much psychological insight, much learning, much suggestion of the Christ story in Dr. Mann's handling of the theme he has taken. The attitude of the Jew towards God, fundamentally different from the attitude of other peoples, is made very clear. And yet all this does not detract from the story itself. Out of the bare tale as told in Genesis, Dr. Mann has made a full and moving drama of humanity; a drama complete in itself, but still continuing the drama that went before, and promising, in "Joseph in Egypt," a majestic ending to a powerful and eternally memorable conflict of human wills.

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Martin Van Buren, Political Manager

THE AMERICAN TALLEYRAND. By Holmes Alexander. New York: Harper & Bros. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE American Talleyrand is of course Martin Van Buren, who received this pretentious name while still living; for he had Talleyrand's subtlety and fondness for intrigue, though in neither his abilities nor his vices did he approach the Frenchman. It is clear that Mr. Alexander has been attracted to our eighth President as an entertaining and picturesque figure. He emphasizes the amusing and dramatic aspects of Van Buren's long life, a life which stretched from the infancy of the republic to the Civil War, with an assiduity that at times even defeats its object and becomes wearisome. The manner of the biography is light, informal, and gossippy; it abounds in anecdotes and bits of dialogue; it is full of thumbnail portraits of political personages done with lively adjectives. The hero is usually called "Matty Van" or "the Red Fox," while other characters are introduced as informally. In short, the book offers us biography and history in shirtsleeves, and with a lack of dignity which would have shocked Van Buren and his principal contemporaries inexpressibly.

This light, anecdotal manner may please some readers. To most of us it seems injudicious. There are more legitimate ways of making William Henry Harrison seem real than by calling him "the Clodhopper." But after all, there exist excellent biographies of Van Buren in the more sober style by Edward M. Shepard and Denis Tilden Lynch—both, in fact, of high merit; it may not be amiss to provide a third in this vein. And the peculiarities of Mr. Alexander's style should not blind the reader to the very real merits of his work. For all its airy jauntiness, it represents an immense amount of hard, honest labor. The author has gone through all the essential books, has studied files of newspapers, and has used the documentary sources. He has digested the results of his wide research with much skill. And, if we accept his principal object, we must admit that he has planned and composed his book very well.

That object is to give an account of Van Buren as a political manager—as a Talleyrand *in petto* for Americans. The author believes that in this field lies Van Buren's principal significance. In some decidedly exaggerated sentences, he says that Van Buren's work has proved "more durable than anything bequeathed by the Signers of '76, the law-givers of '87, or even by the sainted Father of the Nation." That is, the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence have been pretty badly damaged by time, but the spoils system, which he brought to perfection, still flourishes like the green bay tree. Our politics is "nine-tenths a concoction of cant, farce, corruption, and sham"; and "Martin Van Buren, more than any one man, was responsible for this." As a matter of fact, the Constitution is perhaps in better working order than the author thinks. Van Buren by no means invented the spoils system, which was well developed when he stepped upon the political stage; he did much less to put cant and sham into politics than older men like Burr; and it is impossible to point to a single feature of our political system which would not have come into existence had he never lived. But as head of the "Albany Regency" he certainly did much to make machine politics effective; and there was room for Mr. Alexander's book.

From a reading of the chapters on Van Buren's services in the New York legislature, on his work as chieftain of the Regency, and on his adroit manipulation of the candidacies of Crawford and Jackson for the Presidency, the layman will gain a good idea of political methods of the day. He will also receive a clear impression of Van Buren's character, so resourceful, skilful, likable, and essentially light without ever being little. From these and later chapters he will glean some amusing sidelights upon American history. Practically all are second-hand, but for a popular biography that does not matter. Students of our political machinery will wish that Mr. Alexander had written a more scientific examination into its parts. Students of our history will wonder that he could dismiss the Presidency with only one chapter, and give half even of that to the campaign of 1840; that he could pass so rapidly over Van Buren's Free Soil candidacy in 1844. But to wish all this is to wish that he had written with a different aim. The author is not interested in national policies, but in the tricks, the wiles, the disappointments, and the victories of a politician. It is not a high mark, but the book hits it.

The Hero As Husband

NAPOLEON'S LETTERS TO MARIE LOUISE. With a foreword and commentary by Charles de la Roncière. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by DAVID OWEN

SINCE 1919 the manuscript collections of the old Austrian Empire have been proving a veritable treasure house for historians. The latest discovery, over three hundred letters from Napoleon to the Empress Marie Louise, which had been the property of an Austrian family, came as an utter surprise even to Napoleonic specialists. For, although the disappearance of the correspondence between the Emperor and the Empress for the years 1812-1814 created a gap, it seemed, in the words of Frédéric Masson, to be a "fearful gap, which in all likelihood will never be bridged."

The 318 items of this correspondence describe the course of a marriage that was arranged *in absentia*, solemnized in the first instance by proxy, and, for much of the time, carried on by letter. To a royal *parvenu* like Napoleon an alliance with the House of Hapsburg represented the height of marital ambition. Not only would it link him at once with the legitimate royal family of France and other European houses, but it would probably ensure the perpetuation of the Napoleonic dynasty, for Hapsburg princesses were decently prolific. Amicable political relations with Austria, moreover, would lend stability to the Napoleonic system in Europe. The civil and religious ceremonies in France took place in the spring of 1810, and for the next two years the couple were much in each other's company. It was during the Russian campaign, the prelude to three years of military operations, that their long separation began. And throughout the separation the Emperor was a faithful correspondent.

(*Continued on page* 16)

NAPOLEON SHOWING A PORTRAIT OF HIS SON TO HIS SOLDIERS

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

Henry Seidel Canby.....Editor
Noble A. Cathcart.....Publisher
Amy Loveman.....Associate Editor
George Stevens.....Managing Editor
William Rose Benét } Contributing Editors
Christopher Morley }

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Let Them Be Good

CELEBRATING this year its tenth anniversary, *The Saturday Review* now puts on a new dress, or shall we say a refitted garment, which we hope will be as pleasing to our readers as it is well adapted to the editorial needs of the magazine. More space, easier reading, and a better housing for our various divisions and departments have been our wish, and we think these aspirations are here fulfilled in the revised format of the *Review*.

The *Review* itself is not changed, in content, or in editorial policy, except for an improvement which we hope will be continuous and which should be furthered by the new form. So much for that.

And yet an editorial policy cannot be entirely static. Even while the principles upon which it is based remain the same, there must be shifts of emphasis or there will be no growth, and no adaptation to the changes in the intellectual climate of the times. Looking backward to the first numbers of *The Saturday Review* in 1924 and the purposes which seemed most vital to its editors in that decade, one such change in emphasis is already evident. Perhaps it needs no stating; nevertheless we welcome this opportunity to put it into words.

In the twenties experiment was in the air and most of all in art and literature. The pre-war modes were already breaking up, and the young men and women of the period were intensely sensitive to the pressure of tradition. At all costs they wished to break away. They *had* to break away or be merely imitative. And society about them, profoundly stirred in its depths and visibly disrupted on its surfaces by the war, demanded new views, new thoughts, new techniques. For the moment anything that was new and an experiment was potentially good, even if in itself obviously a failure. The expressionism of Dos Passos, the satire of Sinclair Lewis, the English of Gertrude Stein, the involutions of Joyce, the cesspool draggings of the new naturalists, the obscurities of the neo-symbolists—which way was the cat to jump? Which way led the path to the literature of the future? Who could know which of the many prophecies issued by earnest critics was truth and not illusion?

It was our policy then to be aware of tradition but sympathetic to every experiment, and eager in the support of every sincere attempt to get a new focus upon a disordered world. It seemed far more important that the general reader should be made tolerant of what seemed to him eccentricity, but which might well be a new style or a new grip upon reality, than that sanity, order, balance, and tradition, those perdurables, should be preached endlessly, as if nothing else mattered.

We are no longer in the twenties. Of those brave experiments many have already been forgotten, others have lost their eccentricity and become in themselves tradition. Writers are trying in these thirties to capitalize our gains from expressionism, naturalism, symbolism, and all the other isms. The novelties in this decade are not novel in technique, not novel even in social philosophy or the quality of their imagination. Where they are important as well as new, it is because new subjects are brought into literature, and made, not into experiments, but into good books.

Hence in *The Saturday Review* of 1935, and notably in this new *Saturday Review* now changing its page size to a form better suited to the nature of a magazine, a different emphasis is inevitable. It is impossible, for us at least, to be insensitive to experiments, and incurious of novelty, even when sinister or bizarre. And yet, one tradition seems to us of vital importance. Not the tradition of conventional subjects considered proper for literature, or the tradition of an elegant, or a decorous, or of any one kind of an English style, but rather the tradition of sound workmanship, of a strong but controlled imagination, of judgment, sincerity, and vision, seems to us now of vital importance. The thirties have been prolific of shoddy books got out while the news was fresh, and of dull, clumsy, badly written books, claiming attention because their subjects were new, and of extravagant, egoistic books that read like the shouts of drunken college boys, and of cheap, cynical, smutty books whose philosophy of life, when any, was so shallow as to disgust an honest humorist. It seems time to call off the hunt for the new and the sensational, stop the praise for the bright young men who make bad novels out of the rich materials of economics or psychology, and go back on the trail to find out where good writing lost its way and went off somewhere into the night.

Ideas fascinate us as they seem to fascinate everyone nowadays. But, if books are to be made, ideas are not enough. A novel should do what narrative was meant to do. A biography should be a Life. A history should be historical. A poem should communicate as well as be. And all should share in that heritage of hard thinking and intense imagination, competently applied, and of craftsmanship adequate to bridge the gap between writer and reader, which is the core of literary tradition, and its real excuse for being. New books are well enough, but let them be good. And to good books we dedicate our new format.

State Fair

On April 26th and 27th, the Iowa Authors' Club and the State University of Iowa collaborated to hold their first literary "caucus"—the meeting-place being the State University at Iowa City. A couple of hundred people from all over the State (and John Towner Frederick from Northwestern and Stephen Vincent Benét from New York) talked over, listened to, and argued about all sorts of literary questions from the status of regionalism to the best way to develop a market for fact articles.

Frank Luther Mott, Edwin Ford Piper, and Jay Sigmund were there; also Lewis Worthington Smith and a crowd of others—Norman Foerster, Director of the School of Letters (and as interesting a School of Letters as may be found at any American University, by the way), and Dean Kay of the College of Liberal Arts.

In the interim of meetings, lunches, and round tables, one could look around, if one wished, and see the ground broken for the new University Theatre, talk about the paintings of Grant Wood and the annual State musical festival—and realize why, in the Sixth Year of the Depression, such a caucus could exist. Things exist when they are cared about, fought over, and worked at—and here, in one particular State were enough people who cared sufficiently, and thought as well. Already the results are beginning to show.

Ten Years Ago

On May 2, 1925, the Saturday Review recommended "Lucienne" by Jules Romains. Llewelyn Powys, who reviewed the book in that issue, said: *"Mr. Waldo Frank, in his illuminating introduction to 'Lucienne,' asserts that Romains belongs to the 'pure mystical tradition' of French letters."* . . .

The editors note that "Lucienne" has been reissued in 1935 as part one of the trilogy, "The Body's Rapture." Meanwhile his "Men of Good Will" is establishing Romains as a master of realism.

Today

The Saturday Review recommends these new books:

ROAD TO WAR. By Walter Millis. See review on page 5.

NATIONAL VELVET. By Enid Bagnold. See review on page 6.

YOUNG JOSEPH. By Thomas Mann. See review on page 10.

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Letters to the Editor: *Shakespeare and Willie Hughes; A Reply to Allardyce Nicoll*

Mr. W. H ?

SIR:—It is with reluctance that I disturb that "stubborn unlaid ghost" of "Mr. W. H.," the oft and variously identified dedicatee of Shakespeare's Sonnets. Within the past few days, however, I have come upon a disturbing if adventitious coincidence, in explanation of which I should like to invoke the aid of readers of the *Review*.

Although naturally undisposed toward the "Willie Hughes" theory of the Sonnets espoused by Oscar Wilde with more cleverness than conviction in his "The Portrait of Mr. W. H.," and by many others before and since, one must admit the circumstantial strength of their case if on no other grounds than the obvious and occasionally italicized emphasis placed upon the words "Will" and "Hews" in the Sonnets themselves. The greatest difficulty with this hypothesis was to find a contemporary bearing the postulated cognomen. "William Hughes" has, accordingly, remained a mere name instead of an actual person.

Recently, in the course of investigating a point of Elizabethan law involved in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," I had occasion to use that most puzzling and apocryphal of all source books on the English common law, Andrew Horne's "Mirrour of Justice." The edition which I obtained was the 1646 translation from old French into English by "W. H., of Gray's Inn, Esq.," to which was appended an original monograph on "The Diversity of Courts and Their Jurisdictions," by "W. H. i.e. William Hughes, of Gray's Inn, Esq."

Can this obscure legal scholar by any chance or possibiilty be "the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets Mr. W. H."? Was he the student of that name who attended Jesus College, Oxford, aged 21, in 1604? Or another aged 17, in 1607? The Encyclopædia Britannica and Dictionary of National Biography are silent as to this William Hughes.

So far as my research indicates, this is the first suggestion of such a candidacy, and it is with the more hesitancy on that account that I make it. I should appreciate it, however, if any learned reader of the *Review* could furnish any vital statistics or other data in regard to this man.

PAUL STEPHEN CLARKSON.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Broadway's Bright Ideas

SIR:—Mr. Allardyce Nicoll's poke at the trite plots ("bright ideas") of today's Broadway successes in your issue for April 20th seems to me both unfair and slightly academic if not dogmatic. When Mr. Nicoll says that certain Broadway plays are succeeding "not because they are excerpts from life or even because they use material from life," he is thinking too much about plots as such and not enough about the artistic use dramatists make of these plots and not enough indeed about the conventional restrictions of the theater. Artists in all mediums strive for triumphs within the restrictions of these mediums and not in defiance of them. Moreover, I submit that these current Broadway successes do most decidedly reflect life today.

"WHEN I START READING A BOOK I JUST FORGET EVERYTHING ELSE."

Examples from the plays I have seen: today is above all else an age of insecurity; young women frantically seek as husbands young men with ideas which will sell ("Personal Appearance"); today even young people know and fear devitalizing mother-and-father-fixations though often helplessly enmeshed in such attachments which they romantically rationalize ("Accent on Youth"); today our newspapers viciously and for circulation purposes flaunt the laughing, triumphant faces of winners of hundred thousand dollar sweepstake prizes, thus once more disintegrating the moral fibre of the public and preparing it for another age of gambling and disaster ("Three Men On A Horse"). How can we say that such plays have nothing to do with life?

The trouble with Mr. Nicoll is that in his study of plays he sees the plot pattern sharply, sees the character appeal but dimly, and the underlying significance (in terms of mass audience reaction) not at all! The age-old basic plot patterns which have bored Mr. Nicoll in his research are merely the devices which generations of authors of all types of creative writing have discovered most economically and dramatically exploit the strongest, and therefore most easily aroused, of human instincts. To quarrel, then, with the paucity of original plots is to quarrel with the paucity of human instincts! The vast bulk of works of imagination appeal directly to the escape yearnings of reader and spectator. Notably is this true of popular Broadway plays.

The key to an understanding of the secrets of Broadway lies not in dramatic history but in the hungers created by human glands and nerves (why do most Broadway successes picture women rather than men on a sexual rampage!) and in today's newspaper headlines!

THOMAS H. UZZELL.

New York City.

"Road of Ages"

SIR:—In these days of "contrived majorities" in the book world as in government, please register another vote for "Road of Ages," by Robert Nathan. This "story of the imagined last exile of the Jews, driven out from all lands to the Gobi Desert," is a still, small voice. Among the whirling words of big and clamorous books, it may be unheard by many to whom it would speak peace and certainty. By the way of beauty the "Road of Ages" passes to the goal of wisdom—the true way and the true goal of art as of living.

This, my third dear-editor letter—in a half century of reading—is prompted by gratitude to the author and publisher, and especially to Mr. Benét's critique.

ESTELLE HOLBROOK.

Minneapolis, Minn.

John Evelyn Letters

SIR:—I am preparing for publication a collection of the letters to and from the English diarist John Evelyn (1620-1706). I should like to hear from owners of such letters, and shall be grateful for permission to transcribe them. For safekeeping, they may be sent to me c/o the Treasure Room, Harvard College Library. Use of them will be duly acknowledged, and they will be carefully and promptly returned.

F. E. BOWMAN.

Cambridge, Mass.

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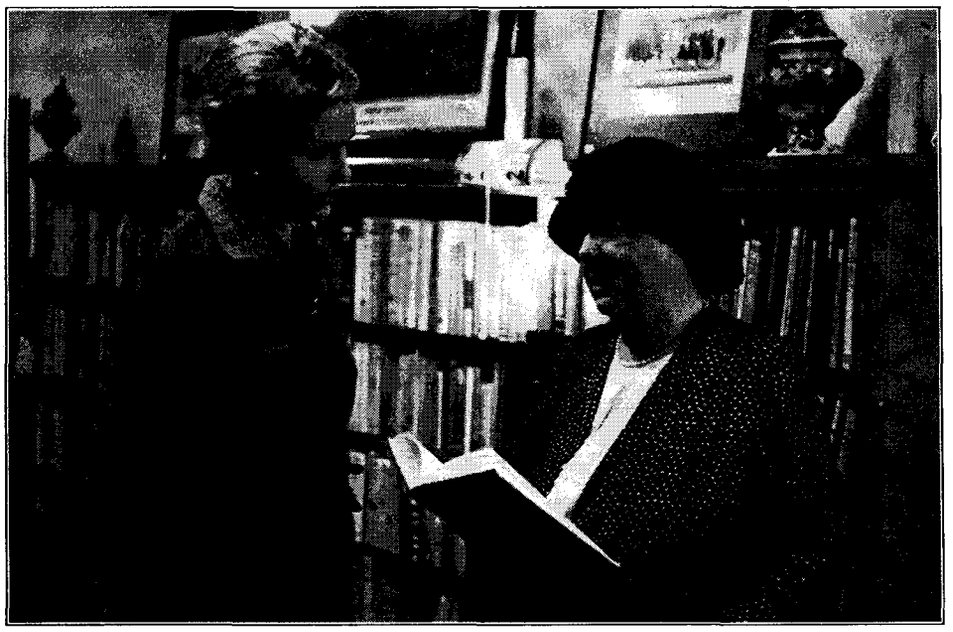
Conferences from Left to Right

Saturday Review News Pictures by Robert Disraeli

Novelist Josephine Herbst (above) who wrote "The Executioner Waits," addresses the American Writers' Congress April 26. (Left) James T. Farrell, creator of Studs Lonigan, also spoke.

Stephen Vincent Benét corrects proofs of "Ode to Walt Whitman"



Mrs. Belloc Lowndes (above, right), English mystery writer, drops in to see Miss Jones at the English Book Shop in New York. The author's latest is reviewed in The Criminal Record on page 24 of this issue.

and looks at a preview of the magazine in which you have read it.

(Above) When Armenian meets Macedonian—William Saroyan (right) talks with Stoyan Christowe (left) in the commissary of a literary tea. . . . (left) John Hays Hammond tells an interviewer how to get around in South Africa.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

F. D. R. and "Treasure Island"

IN the Bowling Green of April 13 I suggested that Crooked Island in the Bahamas, explored by President Roosevelt on his recent vacation, had an agreeable similarity to Stevenson's imaginary Treasure Island. I printed a portion of the Admiralty chart. No book collector, high or low, is too busy to discuss details of his passion, and the President was interested. He is himself owner of a First Edition of *Treasure Island*, and wrote a delightful letter describing his excursion up to the Lagoon inside Crooked Island. From this I quote:

"If you will re-examine the chart, you will find that we went in a very light draft launch through the narrow inlet between Crooked Island and Fortune Island. From then on, in going northeasterly toward the river, we had great difficulty in getting over two or three miles of shallow water. Finally we reached the river and from there all the way up to the lagoon we found an average depth of about twenty feet and an average width of not more than two hundred feet. A little way up the river was divided in two by the Island, the north end of which is in the lagoon. We took the right-hand or easterly branch and during the last mile, before reaching the lagoon, we passed magnificent steep coral cliffs with caves in them. That is the westerly side of what the chart calls Blue Hill. On top of the Hill is an extraordinarily interesting looking ruin—the foundations and lower part of what must have been quite large, stone buildings. We passed a number of small boats filled with rather poverty-stricken but perfectly happy Negroes, and we tried in vain to find out something of the Island and the ruins.

"It is wholly possible that in the old days the outer entrance contained a fairly deep channel, because many similar entrances in these Islands have been closed up in the past hundred years by hurricanes. If there ever was a deep water entrance to the river it would have provided the most ideal spot for a pirate or buccaneer lair that you could possibly imagine. The masts of even a tall ship in the lagoon would be completely invisible from the sea; the hill where the ruins are is a Gibraltar.

Always sincerely,
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT."

It was kind indeed of the most severely occupied of all Stevensonians to send this vivid little description. It would be interesting to know what those stone buildings may have been. Can any expert on the Bahamas tell us? My copy of Sir F. Treves' *Cradle of the Deep* has got away from me: would it say anything about Crooked Island? At any rate I'm going to suggest to Captain Duncan Cook, commander of the *Santa Maria*, that he give the Island a long blast of salute as he goes by.

Of course no Stevensonian seriously

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS
Etching by Andrew Butler

expects to find an exact "original" for Treasure Island. R. L. S. himself said, long ago, that the scenery was "Californian in part, and in part *chic*." But that he studied West Indies charts and borrowed names and suggestions there can be no doubt. California was still fresh in his mind when the book was written, and Mrs. Harriet S. Davids, librarian of Kings County Free Library, Hanford, Calif., loyally insists its claim. She writes:

> I have been told by Mr. Frederick Bechdolt, of Carmel, California, that the real original was in fact the Monterey Peninsula, where Stevenson lived for a time, and which he merely imagined as lopped off at the neck and made into an island. The topography of the peninsula bears out this supposition.

One of the oddest suggestions about *Treasure Island* is the statement I once noticed in a very interesting and praiseworthy little book, *The Seamen's Handbook for Shore Leave*, published by the American Merchant Marine Library Association. There it is stated (p. 127) that *T. I.* was written at El Sauzal, Ensenada, Mexico. I have often wondered how that error occurred. Something must have happened at Ensenada to account for it; but what?

Dymaxion Notes

I have spoken here before of Mr. Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion car—a completely streamlined automobile which has only 3 wheels, steers from the tail, and looks very like a huge fish. One of the pleasures of riding Dymaxion is to catch the instinctive reactions of the spectators who crowd round it wherever it stops. If you stand by and watch or listen you will learn anew how various are the unconscious reflexes of human beings. Seeing something which is quite new and odd always elicits automatic response on the observer's face, a measurable interval before the mind plods up with some comment. At first glimpse of a phenomenon quite outside previous experience some are amused or scoffing; some delightedly admire; some merely register vacant surprise; some are obscurely angry. And it is usually the case that the lower ranks in the social scale are those most intelligently or inquiringly affected. The rich, the comfortable, the well-satisfied, are less concerned. And this is reasonable enough, says Mr. Fuller, a watchful philosopher whose innovations in engineering, boat-design and housing all proceed not just from technical dexterity but from an organic vision of life. Successful and well-to-do people are less likely to be interested in novelty. They are satisfied with things as they are, and not eager for change.

Enjoying the grimace of surprise on so many faces as the Dymaxion rolls by, one often watches some casual pedestrian to see what will appear on his map. And there is always an oddity in noticing the man who just misses seeing it. By some small fraction of chance he happens to be looking the other way, or is engrossed in his own immediate. How many Dymaxion thoughts perhaps pass equally close to our own plodding attention, but we just miss them.

There is a double aspect in the matter of our attitude toward phenomena. We must try to preserve our capacity to see strangeness in familiar things; but we

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must also discern the universality which often lurks just under the surface of experiences foreign and bizarre.

One of the noticeable features of a ride in a fully streamlined car is that even at high speed there is not the roaring whizz of air when another car is met. The streamline shape cuts down atmospheric torture; it swims cleanly through the air without creating turbulence of spinning eddies to impact upon the air broken by the other car. And this, too, if one cared to pursue the thought, has analogies in the realm of thinking; even in theology or politics.

But let us not pretend the dishonesty of being wise and serene on paper. Even riding in the beautiful Dymaxion does not necessarily perfect one's conduct. When Mr. Fuller drove George Seiffert and me to Boston we stopped, very hungry, at Jack's Lunch in Middletown, Conn., for some supper. We had bacon and five eggs apiece, which was excessive, and caused biliousness the next day.—I get rather gloomy about humanity's supposed ability to improve or rationalize its ethos. Even these paragraphs, which I should so like to be clean-cut curly shavings of prose for the new format of the SATURDAY REVIEW, are miserably scrawled out in the rocking sway of a train coming down from Albany on the so-called Water Level Route.

Green Mountain Spring

I have known Vermont in the broad shine of summer, and in her Spanish autumn; this was the first time I ever saw her in the earliest quickening of her late and long desiderated spring.

The train that leaves the North Station in Boston calls itself the Green Mountain Flyer, but it is not pretentious; just a nice country train, stopping frequently; like all good New England vehicles it tarries at Bellows Falls and Rutland for the passengers to eat doughnuts.

At Keene to my pleased surprise an old friend entered the smoker. Billy P. and I never meet except unexpectedly on trains. Billy is very strongly agin the government, and his eyes glittered when he saw I had that morning's New York *Herald Tribune*. I was delighted to give it to him, and he left at Bellows Falls to take train on the White River Junction line. The economic shuffle has evicted him from Long Island to New Hampshire, and I enjoyed thinking of him devouring the *Herald Tribune's* editorials, gritting his teeth upon fiscal woe.

And so northward through the loveliest of States. There is an incredible freshness of virginity about her timid early spring. Little valleys were misted green but scarcely any touch of it on the hills. The birches blaze argentine in sudden shots of sun, clear streams are frothy with haste, in the covered bridges are cool tunnels of last night, still untouched by the opal air outside. At Proctor you come to the marble country. In that region even pavements and henhouse underpinnings are slabs of white marble. It lends a quaintly mortuary feeling, and one reflects that in Vermont even Death has more dignity than elsewhere.

I had a very happy night at Middlebury College, where I was deeply pleased by the Abernethy Library, dedicated to the memory of two brothers who loved that quiet and thoughtful college. Behind the home of Dr. Paul Moody, President of the college, runs Otter Creek, as memorable to me as Plato's Ilissus; and far beyond rises the crest of Breadloaf Mountain, Vermont's most literary Parnassus. The college owns a huge tract of forest in those mountains, and what more happily symbolic property could a college have? The Abernethy Library is a notable collection of Americana, specially rich in Thoreau. Among other treasures you will notice the manuscript of H. D. T.'s college essay on the ancient topic "Whether moral excellence tends to increase intellectual power." The later pages were not visible so one did not know what conclusion he reached; but it was certainly so in his case.

In a morning of incomparable clarity—so lucid that one was convinced of Everything—Dr. Moody drove me down as far as Bennington. Far on the right the Adirondacks glittered with snow, and Robert Frost was somewhere to the left. We followed the valley of Otter Creek, a river as independent as all the rest of Vermont; it flows north—perhaps the only New England river that does so? I vaguely remember a pleasant mystical passage in *The Water Babies* about the Otter, and Miss Charlotte Moody has promised to look it up. My mind was much on the old *Vermont* and *Chateaugay*, steamers that used to travel Lake Champlain in my youth, nudging the skyline with their kimboed walking-beams. They are now laid away in Shelburne Bay, and I wish Mr. Arthur Healy, the water-colorist who has done such charming pictures of that country, would sketch them.

At Arlington we had the happiness of a brief call on Dorothy Canfield Fisher. With pride she showed us Vermont's first daffodil of the year, and hepaticas on the banks of her mountain brook. When her forebears emigrated from Connecticut to Vermont her greatgrandmother (I think it was), a determined woman, tested all suggested settlements with a cake of homemade soap. She would go out and wash a handkerchief in the stream; if there wasn't a good lather she insisted on her husband exploring further. "I won't live where I can't have Soft Water for washing," she said. And this little stream that comes tumbling down—"deep in the parallel forest"—was, by some mineral paradox, tender for laundry. What a nice name for your house, Soft Water, I suggested to our hostess. True Vermonter, she demurred at anything too fancy. "We just call it *Fisher's*."

The Hero As Husband

(*Continued from page* 11)

There will probably be differences of opinion about the value of these documents. I can only record my own feeling of disappointment in their contents. As personal letters—and their chief interest is in the personal—they seem uninspired and conventional, even when one allows for the difficulties under which they were composed. Fifteen years before, Napoleon had written to Josephine:

> To live for Josephine, that is the story of my life. I am doing everything I can so that I may join you; I am dying to be near you. Madman! I have no sense of the distance that separates us; how many regions; how many countries; how much time must elapse before you read these characters which so feebly express an agitated soul in which you reign.

To Marie Louise he writes:

> I have just received your letter of the 18th in which I see that your health is good, mine is excellent. It has been raining for 3 days. I should like to be with you . . . to tell you how much I love you, do have no doubt about it, have you?

The new letters, for the most part, are the brief notes of the confirmed family man. Yet they are not unrevealing, and the revelation is to the Emperor's advantage. Of his affection there can be no doubt, though it was different in quality from that which he felt for Josephine or Walewska. He was appallingly generous in supplying the Empress with everything she desired, patient in instructing her, and scrupulous in concealing his own misfortunes from her. His feelings seem to have blinded him to her obvious shortcomings. Almost to the end he expected that she would join him on Elba, where he had reserved the best rooms for her use and where "I am awaiting you with impatience." By this time Marie Louise, who was taking the baths at Aix, had ceased to speak of the Emperor.

Aside from the light that the letters cast on the hero as husband, they add, I think, little of significance. Military matters are reported with unilluminating brevity. The growing tension in the relations between France and Austria emerges clearly enough. Through it all Napoleon was justly suspicious of Metternich's intentions, but only gradually was he convinced of the perfidy of "Papa François," his father-in-law. Efforts to keep the Austrian Emperor in line through the offices of Marie Louise were doomed from the beginning to failure. The letters, in fine, are of real though limited historical significance. It is only reckless exaggeration to say, as does Mr. de la Roncière, that "Probably not for a hundred years has there been such an important contribution to history."

David Owen is an instructor in the history department of Yale University.

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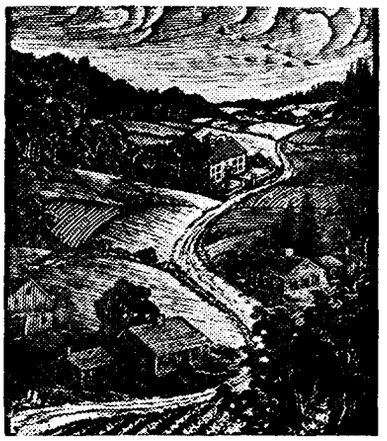

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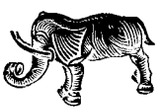

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HUNGRY MEN. By Edward Anderson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.

NOT FOR HEAVEN. By Dorothy McCleary. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

SOME time ago, Doubleday, Doran & Company offered a thousand dollar prize for the best novel by an author whose work had appeared in the magazine *Story*. A rigorously limited contest, you perceive—rather as though one offered a prize for the best prayer submitted by any worshipper in a specified church. But, just as all kinds and conditions of men make their occasional way into even the most exclusive churches, writers for *Story* bear no single stamp; and, judging by the upshot, the contest evoked a remarkable variety of manuscripts. I say judging by the upshot, because the judges finally found themselves confronted by two manuscripts of "such compelling power" that they were unable to choose between them. Generously, they chose both, and presented the prize in duplicate. So doing, they proved the catholicity of their literary taste, for no two novels could be further apart in matter and manner, in spirit and intention, than "Hungry Men" and "Not For Heaven." The one purports to be stark realism, with a lesson; the other mingles a homely brand of semi-realism with elements of stock comedy, and is designed only to touch the heartstrings and to amuse.

Mr. Anderson writes of the homeless, jobless wanderers of these depressed United States, of the bums who ride the freights from east coast to west, from Oregon to Louisiana; who sleep on park benches or in flop houses, and pray in missions for their suppers, and of the temporarily unemployed, desperately seeking jobs, who mingle with the true bums.

EDWARD ANDERSON

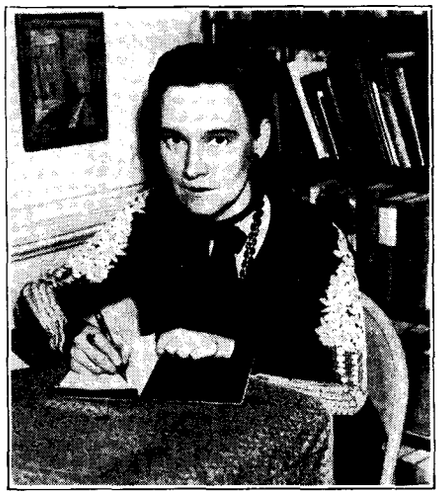
The publishers inform us that Mr. Anderson has lived the life that he describes. Leaving his family and a country print shop, he took to the road with two dollars in his pocket. "He has bummed with the restless and hungry from frontier to frontier. He knows that the idle man becomes economic-minded." "But," says Mr. Anderson, "the American isn't going to turn Socialist or Communist, at least, not in this generation. . . . America is rich. There is plenty and nobody is going to actually die of hunger. In 'Hungry Men' I have tried to show what I mean."

Just what he has shown remains questionable. His hungry men are for the most part distrustful of those whom they call reds and radicals, they do not aspire to be the infantry of the revolution. Mr. Anderson's protagonist, Acel Stecker, says to his communistically-minded friend, Boats:

> I haven't read Shaw and I haven't read Marx, but I know this, Boats, that there is a survival-of-the-fittest law. The strong are always going to have more than the weak. I'm sittin' in this dump here, and the reason for it is because I'm not strong enough to be sittin' in Childs. However, I'll be eatin' in Childs before it ends.

But I suggest to Mr. Anderson that if he would really study the shift in American economic thinking, and weigh the chances of this country embracing socialism or communism, he would be well advised to turn his inquiring eye away from the road and towards the universities, the newspaper offices, the magazines, business houses, and factories. Revolutions are never made by down-and-outers. The talk of two or three worried bankers or brokers gathered together, or of two or three forward looking professors, or of a group of workers who are still drawing regular pay checks, will tell him much more of what is happening to the economic thinking of the country than all the conversations he can overhear in all the flop houses and jungles of America. Acel Steckers do not make revolutions; they are made, first, in the minds of the thoughtful, who are often in high places. For the purposes of prophecy, Mr. Anderson has been studying in the wrong laboratory.

His story is as monotonous as the life that it describes, and his characters are as uninteresting on the printed page as most of their originals are in reality. In the main, the transcript of their language is unconvincingly chaste, and sometimes even stilted, and the darker sides of tramp existence are scarcely touched upon. There is no emotion in the book, either felt or communicated, no edge, scant humor, and no irony. One can praise Mr. Anderson for his objectivity only if one considers admirable an objectivity that fails to stir the reader at any point. Taken all in all, "Hungry Men" is a fairly competent job of superficial reporting.



DOROTHY McCLEARY

Through the character of Ma Bostwick, who is described by the publishers as "the most ingratiating old harridan since Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Miss McCleary delivers a frontal attack upon her readers' sentimentality. We are supposed to love Ma Bostwick for her forthright speech and her heart of gold beating beneath an ancient sweater; we are supposed to love her because she loves her children, her garden, and her old horse Ned, who has reached the ripe age of twenty-two years; and we are supposed to chuckle delightedly at her outrageous frankness, her blunt philosophy, and her earthy humor. She is full of wise saws, if not modern instances. She has no use for church or preachers, and she knows that when we're dead we're dead and that's all there is to it.—"Treat your stomach right, and it'll treat you right." "We're all the same, man and beast alike, ain't that right? Fertilizer, all!" The old days were best.—"Oh, I tell you, people was people in those days—not just walkin' faces. There was something back of them."

Ma Bostwick's passion for Ned, whom she is always feeding, brushing, coddling, and doctoring, is supposed to charm us and pull at our heart, but it verges on the pathological, and is faintly unpleasant, when she is fatally kicked in the stomach by the old darling and masochistically gloats over the bruise that his hoof has caused. "Yes, it was an ugly bruise and no mistake—still fiery red and blue mixed. 'See now this pretty souvenir you give me,' she whispered lovingly out toward Ned. 'You naughty baby, you. Just the size of your sweet little hoof . . .'"

From all of which you may gather that Ma Bostwick is a "character." She is, created by a writer who knows how to pull out emotional and humorous stops. Doubtless she, and the homely comedy-drama in which she plays the leading part, will be enjoyed by a large body of readers of current fiction.

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CURRENT COMMENT

A KING: The Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, the Romanoffs and the Bourbons have all lost their thrones but King George of England is more popular than ever. The explanation of this paradox may be found in THE PEOPLE'S KING: George V: A Narrative of Twenty-Five Years, by John Buchan, newly appointed Governor General to Canada, who has been for years a close personal acquaintance of the King. (Illustrated, $2.75)

*

THE VILLAGE: Did you ever wish to tear the roofs from a thousand city houses and see just what went on beneath them? When you read GREENWICH VILLAGE, 1920-1930, by Caroline F. Ware, these things will be made clear to you. You will know how each kind of person lives, to whom he prays, how he sins, courts and marries, and how the Tammany Tiger manages to sniff at him and carry off his vote. ($4.00)

*

THIEF, forger, seducer, perjurer, stool pigeon, fence and finally the greatest of all detectives. That, in brief was the career of Vidocq, the master detective of a century ago, who, for twenty years, was the most ingenious, the most daring, the most feared of France's secret agents. His autobiography, translated by Edwin Gile Rich under the title VIDOCQ: THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF THE FIRST GREAT DETECTIVE is filled with fantastic stories of roguery, stratagems, adventures. ($3.00)

*

INFANT PRODIGY: While still a tot, Charles James Fox, English statesman of the eighteenth century, was given $25 a day for gambling. As a youth he wasted over a million dollars. His three ruling passions were women, play and politics. He died Foreign Secretary murmuring, "It don't signify." You will find the whole story—and an odd one it is—in FOX by Christopher Hobhouse which the London Observer called: "As fascinating as 'Jew Süss,' more convincing than 'Queen Victoria.'" (Frontispiece, $3.50)

*

UNANIMOUS: A list of people who have praised THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MONTAIGNE, edited by Marvin Lowenthal, reads like a blue book of American criticism. Best of all we like the comment of Gilbert Seldes: "I do not know that reading any book will make men wise and generous and tolerant, but we might try Montaigne because he will if anyone." ($3.50)

Turn Time Back

TO THE YEARS BEFORE THE WAR —to the Frenzied Years of 1914-1917 when bishops prayed for war and Colonel Roosevelt ground his celebrated teeth at the phrase "Too proud to fight", when a munitions company which took its name from the birthplace of the Prince of Peace declared a 200% stock dividend and Henry Ford sent forth his Peace Ship like the dove from the Ark; when Dr. Albert lost an embarrassing brief case in the New York subway and the Secret Service found it; when Colonel House trotted to and fro on mysterious errands and America tossed bewildered in a sea of propaganda; when, in short, a peace-loving democracy, muddled but excited, misinformed and whipped to frenzy, embarked upon its greatest foreign war.

Incredible!—all this seems today. "Did I believe these things" you say; "Did I act and talk and think like this"! The answer, Ladies and Gentlemen, is *YES*, and for proof we refer you to a brilliant, an imperishable record of these fantastic years—

A Book-of-the-Month

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Read it and *beware!*
Read it and *renew your youth!*
BUT READ IT

Road to War
America 1914-1917
By WALTER MILLIS
Author of "The Martial Spirit"
Illustrated, $3.00 May 1
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

Club Selection for May

CURRENT COMMENT

NEW YORK SAGA: "A family saga which starts in the hold of an immigrant ship, ends on Fifth Avenue and celebrates the nobility of ordinary life." Thus William Soskin characterizes the GRASS GROWS GREEN by Hortense Lion. And the SRL says: "Miss Lion makes the past really alive to us because she herself has so perfectly visualized and understood it." ($2.50)

*

FORD MADOX FORD says of Frances Park's new novel, WALLS AGAINST THE WIND: "I don't know of any more remarkable *tour de force*. The idea of writing, in terms of extreme naiveté, of the gradual progression of a mind forced from an *apparent* village calm into a breathless and almost sadistically cruel contest for a man's soul, is a very singular and precious discovery." ($2.00)

*

COLLECTORS! A *must* item is John T. Winterich's EARLY AMERICAN BOOKS AND PRINTING. Warmly recommended also to everyone interested in America's literary history. No commendation necessary for those who read the author's article "This is Woollcott" in the SRL last February. (Illustrated, $2.50)

*

SALTY: True ambassadors to the ports of the world were the SHIPMASTERS OF CAPE COD whose exploits are now celebrated by Henry C. Kittredge. From the East Indies to Puget Sound, these rulers of the waves weathered typhoons, put down mutineers, and drank with kings and mandarins. (Lavishly illustrated, $3.50)

*

EARTHY: Garden poems from ancient Egypt to Archibald MacLeish have been collected by Sylvia Spencer under the title, UP FROM THE EARTH. Here is no group of time-worn "favorites," but a volume that celebrates in verse of distinction the joys of gardening. ($2.75)

*

GUEDALLA said: "Here is the real thing with a vengeance" when he read H. A. L. Fisher's HISTORY OF EUROPE, and Robert Lynd called it: "One of the most important and fascinating histories of our generation." Coming June 4, which is also the publication date for the French novel, THE WOLF AT THE DOOR that "miracle resembling no other book," by Robert Francis, winner of the Prix Femina.

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From Tragic to Metaphysical Poetry

First Aid to Moderns

THEMES AND CONVENTIONS OF ELIZABETHAN TRAGEDY. By M. C. Bradbrook. New York: Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). 1935. $4.

Reviewed by ESTHER CLOUDMAN DUNN

AT last poor John Donne has been given contemporaries to relieve him from bearing alone the brunt of precedent for certain kinds of modern experiments. A Fellow of Girton College, Cambridge, M. C. Bradbrook, poring over the highly-seasoned and uneven plays of Marlowe, Webster, and the rest, has produced a book on the structure and method of Elizabethan tragedy which completely upsets the usual conventions for making poetry, and puts others in their place. Her only purpose is to correct our present way of misreading these Elizabethans, but her book gives strong support to some modern ideas of writing poetry; if her support is unconscious, it is so much the more pertinent.

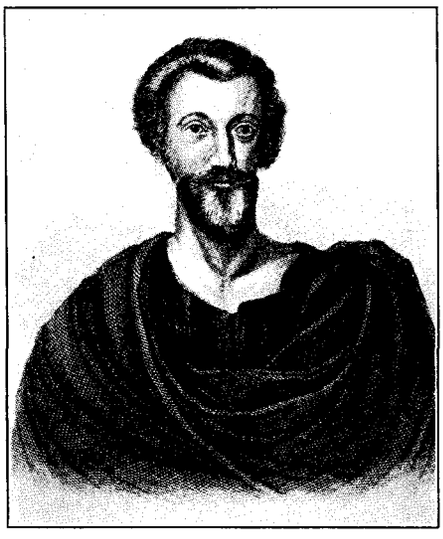
The Elizabethan writers of tragedy, she says, did not try to represent life realistically. Time was telescoped, space unlocated (in any consistent sense), logical sequence of narrative thrown away. "The last thing which occurred to the Elizabethan was to put two and two together. . . . Dramatists often assumed that the answer was three or five." Consistent characterization of individuals was not dreamed of; dialogue which should reproduce what was actually said would have been absurd. This is a bold assertion, but excluding Shakespeare (for whom she makes justifiable exception), it fits Elizabethan drama where the usual standards do not. To struggle logically with double time in "Othello," or posit a precise answer for the age of Hamlet, or explain away the seacoast of Bohemia, or to apologize when a play headed straight for disaster turns into a closing formula of "living happily ever after"; to do any of these things is to practise ingenuity and logic upon matter which never had anything to do with logic or a representational view of life.

What in the world, then, was Elizabethan drama about if it was not a convincing story about real people? It was concerned with the poetry which underlies the phenomena of life. Reality, in the sense of reproduction of the look of life, was violently dealt with, telescoped, wrenched away from the sequence of time and probability, stylized in order that through it the quintessence of things might be felt. "Murders," says Miss Bradbrook, "do not usually happen on a wedding night but the fact that they do [in a certain play] allows [the author] to stress this sharp naked contrast between splendor and death, which is such a constant theme of tragedy."

The management of language, of course, went along with the manipulation of factual phenomena just as it does today. Miss Bradbrook devotes a chapter to showing the sensitivity of the actual Elizabethans to words, images, rhetorical pattern. This sensitivity was fostered by their education, intensified by listening to sermons, court pleadings, conversation. The audience at a play "would follow the dialogue as poetry and not merely as the speech of a given character." In fact, Miss Bradbrook shows how the repetition of elaborate rhetorical forms, of proverbs and "sentences" at crucial points in the play, gave an architecture to the whole quite independent of the structure of plot, and of first significance to the spectator. There was a variety of speech levels, moving from prose to verse. Within verse, there were levels of couplet, stanza, lyrical interlude. A "patterned" speech gave intensity or detachment. Romeo and Juliet first meet within the privacy of sonnet walls by which the other revellers on the stage are excluded. The whole stage becomes at will a platform from which a poet recites for the audience. Thus slipping in or out of the "aside" or "soliloquy" was easy as it is not to a modern actor, poured into the mould of his part, and held to verisimilitude on a picture-frame stage. In other words, the play was *not* the thing, but the "peerless poesy" for which it furnished the take-off. Miss Bradbrook explains how language can give to a scene "a different dimension," "a curious stillness and hush," "a sense of timelessness." In many ways the devices and range of this "peerless poesy" are comparable with the range and high intent of modern experiment with words.

What Miss Bradbrook is saying, then, is that there is some truth higher than realistic presentation, which realistic presentation actually impedes. She cites instances of this belief and practice in Emily Brontë and Hardy where an artificial "coincidence and symmetry in the arrangement of character and events . . . make their stories quite unrealistic, yet effective." Without once saying or implying it, she brings Elizabethan poetry into line with modern method. Her book adds weight to a modern contention, by T. S. Eliot and others, that a certain way of transmitting life to the printed page was intercepted during a large part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; that it has come to life slowly again, beginning in the mid-nineteenth century, increasing in effectiveness, till now, strengthened and a good deal altered by other forces, it rears its challenging head in various phases of modern artistic experiment. If Miss Bradbrook's book stands in its essentials, and I believe it does, it contributes powerful precedent for poetry which, overthrowing representation, released from the tyranny of time, space, causation and other realistic checks, can abstract from the phenomena of the world that we see the quintessential feeling of life.

Esther Cloudman Dunn is professor of English at Smith College.



JOHN DONNE

Poets in Their Fame

THE METAPHYSICAL POETS; DONNE, HERBERT, VAUGHAN, TRAHERNE. By J. B. Leishman. New York: Oxford University Press. 1934. $3.50.

FOUR METAPHYSICAL POETS; DONNE, HERBERT, VAUGHAN, CRASHAW. By Joan Bennett. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE SPENCER

THESE two books, which cover almost the same material, differ very widely in value. Mr. Leishman has aimed to give his readers "a full and representative selection from the work of Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, and Traherne, together with such biographical information, such illustration of contemporary movements, ideas, feelings, intuitions, and such elucidatory comment as seems necessary for the complete enjoyment of the poems." This is a commendable attempt, but the trouble with Mr. Leishman's book is that nearly everything he says has been said already. Apart from one or two factual mistakes, there is nothing actually wrong with the book, but neither is there anything convincingly right. The point of view is conventional, and the criticism merely descriptive, not comparative or analytic. Even the section on Herbert, which is the best in the book, leaves us hanging in mid-air. It is not criticism to say: "X is a poet who writes about bees; he also writes about sewing-machines; sometimes he writes about rubber, and occasionally he writes about God. These facts are illustrated in the following poems." This is the method of countless lecturers on poetry, and it hardly seems necessary to perpetuate it in print. We want more, we want a deeper and more probing attack, but Mr. Leishman does not give it to us.

Miss Bennett's book is on a different level altogether. It is intelligent and penetrating; the characteristics of the poets treated are carefully analyzed and dis-

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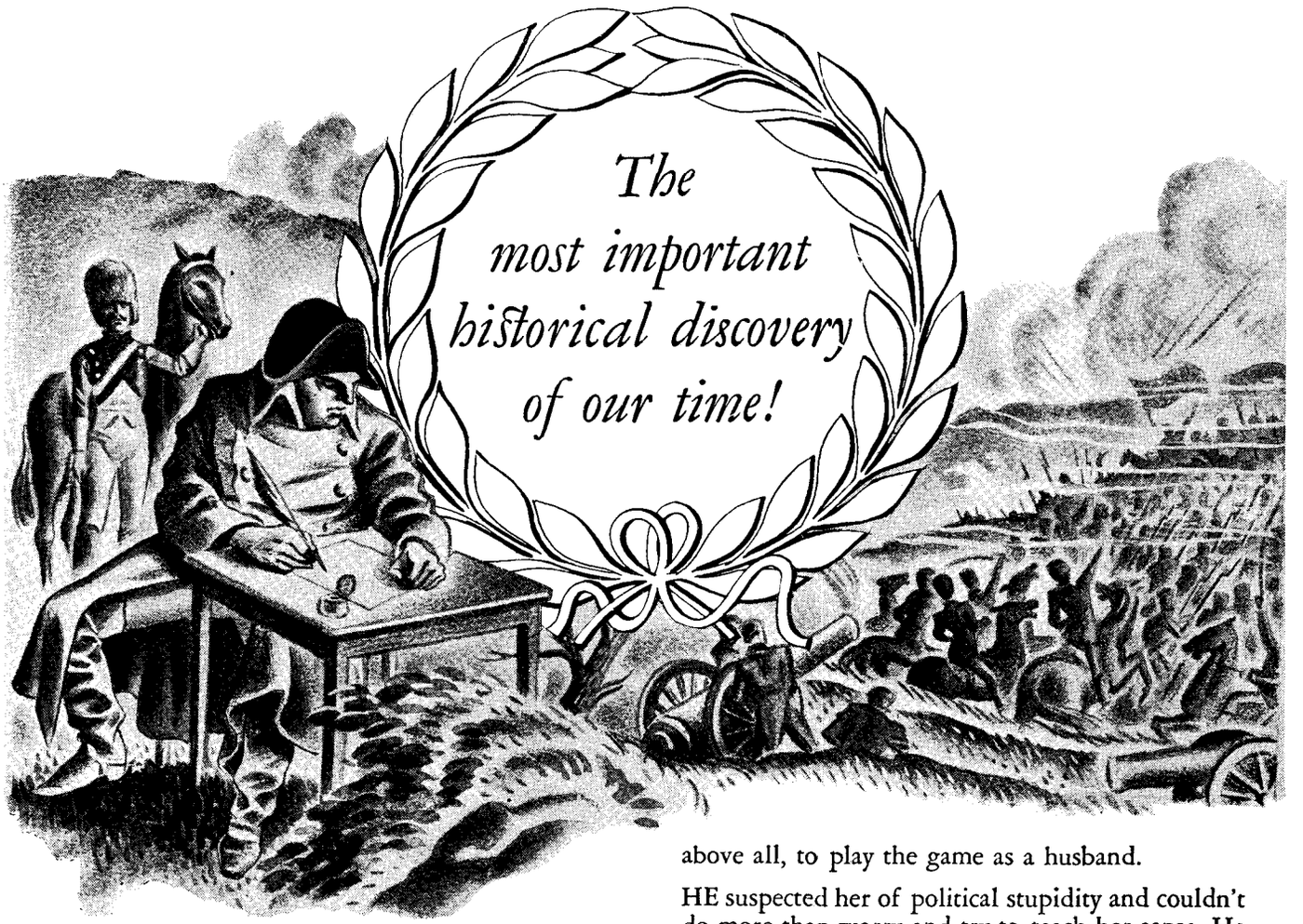

THESE remarkable letters were lost to the world for 121 years, having been secreted in the archives of Europe's oldest royal family. Written from the battle fronts of Russia, Germany and France, they shed new light on Napoleon's military genius, his plans, love and ambitions. They reveal the story of a great personal tragedy that was as dramatic as it was romantic.

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HIS letters to the rather stupid and unformed young woman who became his second wife reveal Napoleon's efforts to teach her to be an empress, his need to use her as a political emissary, and his effort, above all, to play the game as a husband.

HE suspected her of political stupidity and couldn't do more than worry and try to teach her sense. He suspected her of unfaithfulness, and lost his self-esteem. He won battles, and wrote her to take care of her cold. He lost battles, and sent her to buy the Austrian court. He was like a big business-man with a frivolous and rather empty-headed wife . . . a business man whose affairs were going badly and who wanted to keep the worst from his family.

ALMOST all of this marriage was conducted by correspondence. It began with letters thanking her for marrying him by proxy, and it ended by his writing to apologize for Elba . . . an apology which was never answered.

WITH a Commentary and a Foreword by Charles de la Roncière, Chief Custodian of the Bibliothéque Nationale of France.

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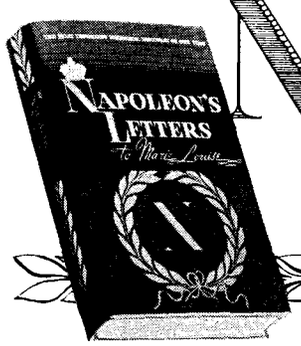

NAPOLEON'S LETTERS

to Marie Louise

FARRAR & RINEHART. 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 480 University Ave., Toronto

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tinguished; our awareness of the differences between them are sharpened and defined. Miss Bennett is a good critic; the various poets she discusses are seen against a background of literature as a whole; they are not described, as Mr. Leishman for the most part describes them, as creatures in a semi-vacuum, unrelated to other literary phenomena, dead subjects for an incomplete dissection. It is a pleasure to read what she has to say; her style is condensed and her comments are illuminating. To a reader interested in poetry, and not yet fully acquainted with the metaphysical poets, her book will be a stimulating introduction.

And yet one wonders, after reading it, if it does not represent the end of a period of literary taste. I would suggest that modern poetry has learnt all it can from the metaphysicals; we need a fresher source of inspiration. The influence of Donne and his followers has been important for the last twenty years—their technique, their sensibility, their expression have been of service in helping us to fuse a personal experience as complicated as their own. But poetry, it would seem, has now another task to perform. Its post-"Waste Land" function is not to be as inclusive, like the metaphysicals, but as exclusive as possible. It must reflect, not the confusion of undirected experience, but the simplicity of clarified experience. It seeks, in other words, a new variety of classicism. It is a significant historical parallel that classicism was the reaction to the metaphysical style that Miss Bennett has so ably described.

Theodore Spencer is a member of the department of English at Harvard University.

Poet of Mazurkas

CHOPIN: HIS LIFE. By William Murdoch. New York. The Macmillan Company. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by PAUL H. LANG

THE great poet of the pianoforte, Frederic Chopin, offers a particularly grateful subject to the biographer. His life, spent for the most part in the scintillating capital of Romanticism, was a feverish dream, replete with poetry, triumph, deception, and misery. It required a strong literary character not to succumb to the morbid atmosphere of Paris in the eighteen thirties. Mr. Murdoch does not escape it entirely, and, especially in the beginning of his "Chopin" one feels that he is conscious of it. From this no doubt comes the *plaidoyer* which opens chapter one. The first chapters are, then, rather on the defensive, but as we advance the work becomes more and more interesting.

Mr. Murdoch divides his work into two parts, the present volume dealing with the life of the composer, and a second forthcoming one to be devoted to the pianist, composer, and teacher. Whether it is possible so to separate Chopin the man from Chopin the composer is open to question. Certainly, Mr. Murdoch seems repeatedly handicapped in his narrative when trying to confine himself to matters pertaining to Chopin's everyday life. This fact makes it even more difficult for him to liberate himself from the effusive language of Hugo and Gautier. Evidently he is very fond of the heroic period of Romanticism in France, and he somewhat ingenuously extols the merits of a literary school which has long since been relegated to a less exalted status.

> Romanticism was unfurled. The wonderful array of men of genius born in the first twenty years of the nineteenth century has never been equalled, and most probably never will be.

In the long list which follows, and in which we find the customary protagonists of the hectic years between "Hernani" and the "Bourgraves," we also find a number of names that can hardly be counted among the worthies of arts and letters. Mr. Murdoch's literary excursions are, however, in keeping with his subject and his sympathetic and enthusiastic attitude helps to sustain his narration. He presents us with excellent and vivid chapters describing musical and artistic life in Chopin's environment. But his enthusiasm carries him occasionally beyond his mark when it comes to matters musical. Attempting, for instance, to define the "beginnings of Romanticism in music," he omits the group of romantic composers—E. T. A. Hoffmann, Schubert, Weber, Marschner, etc.—which exerted considerable influence on the destinies of music and influenced Chopin himself. Mr. Murdoch's view of the musical *tableau* of the period suggests at times the outlook of a Frenchman of the times of E. Schuré and G. Chouquet.

Once we accept this political philosophy of art we will not be surprised to find the following passage:

> Vienna was not at this period (1830) living up to its reputation as the most musical city in Europe. . . . This decline of taste was not pleasing for Chopin, and may have been one of the reasons why his sojourn in the Austrian capital was not more musically profitable. It was disheartening for him to hear on all sides the Waltzes of Lanner and Strauss. . . .

Most historians of music attribute the growth of the Viennese school precisely to this atmosphere of what Mr. Murdoch calls "light music." The Imperial City, the *Kaiserstadt*, with its colorful conglomeration of people coming from all parts of the vast Habsburg empire, became saturated with the waltzes, *laendler*, and *csardas* of these music-loving races. This was the atmosphere which produced a Haydn and a Schubert, and it was still as glamorous as ever when young Chopin, himself a great devotee of waltzes, arrived in Vienna.

Mr. Murdoch's biography is, however, an entertaining book. It is written in a sympathetic and fluent style, the narrative is well articulated and concise, and recreates with vividness the great poet of mazurkas and preludes. It is especially noteworthy that, although Mr. Murdoch consulted the whole of the considerable literature on his subject, he has succeeded in welding his material into a work that has freshness as well as readability.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
WHO RIDES ON A TIGER *Mrs. Belloc Lowndes* (Longmans, Green: $2.)	Headstrong beauty, fascinated by wrongful married swain whose wife mysteriously dies, extracted from frightful mess by rightful lover.	Only two guesses needed for killer (you're right), but for smoothness, suspense, and cunning characterization this one is—	Hard to beat
JIMMY DALE AND THE MISSING HOUR *Frank L. Packard* (Crime Club: $2.)	Editor friend of Jimmy's disappears. James does good old protean act and mid shots and coises saves the day.	It's incredible, cockeyed, impossible, crazy, yet with Galileo your Hon. Judge is constrained to mutter—	"*E pur si muove*"
THE HOUSE ON THE ROOF *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Ex-opera diva slain while singing Massenet's "Elegie" in Chicago penthouse. Accompanist's sweetheart solves it.	Trail runs through skeleton-filled apartment closets to faintly unsatisfying end, redeemed by many slick touches.	Not *too* good
CRIME IN CORN WEATHER *Mary M. Atwater* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Ioway banker killed 'mid Tall Corn. *Corpus* vanishes and countryside all agog. Reporter guesses solution — as may reader.	Reverberations of crime on villagers old and young, male and female, give engaging and original touch to odd yarn.	Interesting
THE SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY *Ellery Queen* (Stokes: $2.)	Nude corpse of society blackmailer in isolated seaside *palazzo* involves people with grimy pasts —*and* Mr. Queen.	Not too hard to solve, but killing, events leading up to it and beyond, are done in skilful Queen style.	Good Puzzle

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The Amen Corner

Venite, Exultemus!

On this gala occasion, two toasts are in order. First, as custom demands, "Gentlemen, the King!" And now, "The Editors and Staff of the Saturday Review of Literature." In explanation of the second toast, "si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

In explanation of the first, the Oxonian would remind you that this first number of the *Saturday Review* in its new dress is also the number nearest the beginning of the Royal Silver Jubilee. Monday, May 6th, is the 25th anniversary of the accession of King George V, and in honour of the occasion the Oxford University Press, which habitually publishes only on Thursdays, is bringing out on that day *"Good King George's Glorious Reign."*[1] "This," to quote Mr. Hugh Walpole who writes the Foreword, "is a book of splendid and dramatic pictures . . . that celebrates the completion of twenty-five years of the King's reign." As Mr. Walpole says, "Probably no king has ever ruled through twenty-five years of such astounding changes in world systems, in science, in morals, in psychology." Consequently "they are pictures of a quite extraordinary variety." The book is a fascinating historical document and one to keep. It provides a panorama from the wedding of King George and Queen Mary in 1893 to the marriage of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina.

To go with it you will want the fourth of the new series called "Life and Art in Photograph."[2]—*London by Night,* A Century of Photographs, by Francis Sandwith. It depicts the beauty and variety of London at night from Aldersgate to Greenwich, from Limehouse to Berkeley Square. If you know London it will recall its atmosphere very vividly; if you don't know it, it will make you want to. ("A Century," by the way, has nothing to do with the period of time. As in cricket, it means simply "a hundred.")[3]

For a complete picture of the events back of the scenes in *"Good King George's Glorious Reign,"* like David Garnett, we "cannot too strongly recommend" *These Hurrying Years,*[4] An Historical Outline, 1900-1933, by Gerald Heard. It is a dramatic rendering of the events; a clear explanation of the forces; a keen analysis of the trends that are shaping the modern world. Says Harold Nicolson, it is "one of the most illuminating, suggestive and dynamic volumes that I have read in the last twenty years." Read it, and the conviction will grow on you that something fundamentally new is happening to the human race.

The Oxonian.

(1) $1.50. (2) $2.00 each. Write for descriptive leaflet, 114 Fifth Avenue. (3) See *The Language of Cricket* by W. J. Lewis, $3.00. Oxford University Press. (4) $3.00.

A Brazilian Letter

BY SAMUEL PUTNAM

We have heard a good deal these last few years of Mexican art and especially, owing to the impact of such men as Rivera and Orozco, of Mexican painting. We are now beginning to hear more of Mexican literature, a literature reflecting the passion and the tumult of a people in revolt. As a result of it all, it is Mexico City rather than Paris which beckons our "exiles" of today.

What may not be generally realized, however, is that there would appear to be a new and vital spirit in literature and the other arts which, whether it derives any impetus from Mexico or not (and such a derivation is more likely to be fanciful than real), is spreading over the more northern portion of the South American continent, taking on a high degree of visibility in such countries as Venezuela and Brazil.

From Caracas, for example, we have had during the past year a novel which this reviewer regards as at least one of the best two published anywhere in 1934. Allusion is to Julian Padrón's *La Guaricha* ("The Mountain Wench"), dealing with the primitive lives and the yet more primitive feuds of the Venezuelan mountaineer, a species neglected heretofore by the national literature, and one which is not unlike our own Thames Williamson's Ozark Mountains folk.

It is in Brazil that the efflorescence is most marked, and it is Brazil that seems all in all best fitted for carrying off the South American literary palm from Argentina. Her position, none the less, is a peculiar one, owing chiefly to the barrier of a language that is little known to the rest of the world. In the Rio de Janeiro of the moment, for instance, we have a bright, young renaissance, with all the signs that point to a veritable and not a hothouse renascence, in the form of an abundance of new and controversy-inspiring works, accompanied by that critical warfare which always shows that something is happening, anyhow; yet we in America and our European cousins as well have scarcely so much as heard of it all. This, in the nature of things, cannot last much longer. It is probable that, by next autumn or not much later, one or two novelists and at least one playwright will have made themselves known to Fourth Avenue and to Broadway.

The thing that is happening in the neighborhood of Rio, no doubt intensified by the feeling of social change that is in the air, is this: Brazil has just heard of a number of things, and, somewhat confusingly, has heard of them all at once. It is, one has to admit, a bit hard on a workaday reviewer who is still going along thinking in terms of Balzac,—or for the Brazilian, it may be in terms of Eça de Queiroz,—to wake up one morning and find on his desk a Surrealist masterpiece (Jorge de Lima's "O Anjo"), alongside a couple of proletarian novels (the "Cacáu" and the "Suór" of Jorge Amado), and the most irreverent, defiantly communistic play ever written (in Oswald de Andrade's "O Homem e o Cavalo"). The poor reviewer was just reaching around to pat himself on the back for getting used to a Brazilian Thomas Hardy, in José Lins do Rego, author of an impressive trilogy built around the conflict between the old and the new order, the old rural civilization and the new urban industrialized one. To ask him now to gulp down a Surrealist "Angel" (Jorge de Lima), to read about the daily lives of workers on the great cocoa plantations, or about life in the unlovely huddled bulk, as lived in an awful tenement of the port town of Bahia,—above all, to ask him to read a play which the police had already suppressed in the theatre, one in which Al Capone mingles chummily with Lord Byron and St. Peter with Professor Picard of stratosphere fame,—well, it was too much! The storm broke.

It would be hard to say who had it the worse from the reviewing gentlemen, the surrealistic De Lima or the communistic Amado and De Andrade. For the critics, matters were complicated by the fact that, with the exception of Amado, the culprits were not precisely young men or newcomers. Jorge de Lima, an exquisite sonneteer, had a long and brilliant poetic career behind him, being the author of one or two of the most characteristic of modern Brazilian poems. In private life, he is a respected physician, whose chief hobby is a telescope (which presumably enables him to sight his surrealist "angels").

As for Oswald de Andrade, dramatic creator of the terrific and terrifying "Horse and the Man" (there is one inimitable scene between the Trojan Horse and Napoleon's famous White Horse), he had long been an outstanding character—what the French would call a *"type"*—in the world of Brazilian letters; until it came to the point where anything he uttered would be turned off with the remark, "Oh, that's only another one of Oswald's *blagues!"* Artistically, he stood for a Bohemianism of the Ramon Gomez de la Serna brand, the café spirit in literature. About a year or so ago, however, he made a clean right-about-face and, in one of his prefaces, indicated that he was done forever with the old sort of thing. He is now the most rampant of communists and, needless to say, is taken very seriously. So seriously that the police saw fit to suppress his play on the ground that it was pornographic, although as a matter of fact there is not even a really suggestive line in it. The piece has since been published by the author in book form and stands up admirably as reading drama.

The young Amado, a real proletarian by background, found himself accused of "deifying the working class." His book, "Cacáu" ("Cocoa") comes as near to being the sincere, undiluted proletarian article as anything this reviewer knows. Portraying the existence of the cocoa-plantation serfs, it is written with a certain halt-

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ing inarticulateness that is powerfully impressive in the end. The same authors third novel, "Suór" ("Sweat")—his first work, "O Paiz do Carnaval" ("Land of Carnival"), appeared in 1931—was liked better by the critics, who decided that it was "less burdened with revolutionary intention"—but a lot of "revolutionary intention" can get away from a reviewer at times! "Suór" is in fact a resplendent example of the collective or mass story form.

I have spoken above of José Lins do Rego and his trilogy, consisting of the novels "Menino de Engenho" ("Child of the Mill"), "Dodinho" ("Wild Oats"), and "Bangué ("The Old Mill"). The dominant note in Lins do Rego is sadness, the same sadness, the same pessimism, that is found in Hardy. This is distinctly the old order of literature, our contemporary socially motivated realists would say; but as such, it is very finely done.

What is coming out of it all? Well, in spite of all the fuss over his "Angel," Jorge de Lima succeeded in carrying off the Fundação Graça Aranha prize, one of the most important in Brazil; and a commentator in the "Diario de Noticias" recently referred to Dr. De Lima as "undoubtedly the writer most in the public eye in the Brazil of the moment." Perhaps, the judges felt that, since the new had to be recognized, Surrealism after all was safer than communism. But allowance must be made for De Lima's previous popularity as a poet. "O Anjo," in any event, is a work to be set beside André Breton's "Nadja."

Brazil, to tell the truth, is recovering from a bad attack of Parnassianism, a nineteenth century hangover. De Lima formerly belonged to this school, as did De Andrade, but the former now assures us that it is a *"fonte secca"*—there is no more sustaining draught from that source. The new-fledged Surrealist does not hold with a writer like Amado as to the function of economics and sociology in the novel: "I do not say that there should be an art for art's sake; but I do say that it is impossible to limit art to the economic plane. Prose and the novel have a higher destiny than that."

It is an exhilarating scene, whatever one may say of it; there is life in writing Rio today, and it is time that the American publishers were taking some notice of the fact.

Samuel Putnam, a frequent contributor of foreign letters to The Saturday Review, *is on the faculty of the University of Pittsburgh.*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 57)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH—
"TO THE CLOUDS"

A humble walk
Here is my body doomed to tread, this path
A little hoary line and faintly traced,
Work . . . of the shepherd's foot
Or of his flock? . . .
I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts
Admit no bondage and my words have wings.

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CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS week there are not any books I care to review at great length. I have weeded out a good many that seem to me without any particular distinction. There is some good writing, and, incidentally, some good book-making, in other books I shall mention, and there is what seems to me one awful example of ultra-modern poetry I wish to cite. On the other hand there is a particularly good new edition of an old poet that deserves comment. I shall take it first. It is "The Poems of John Clare" in two volumes, edited with an introduction by *J. W. Tibble.* This is a J. M. Dent English publication brought out in this country by E. P. Dutton. There are two stout volumes bound in red, the frontispieces being *Hilton's* well-known portrait of *Clare* and a facsimile of four stanzas of one of his poems. I like the typography. This is the best edition of Clare I have ever seen. He was the early nineteenth century peasant-poet of Northamptonshire. The last quarter century of his life was spent in an insane asylum. *Edmund Blunden* has written discerningly of him, and three years ago Mr. and Mrs. Tibble published what may be regarded as his definitive biography. His lyrics were of country life. For the first time, for the modern reader, we have practically all his poems in book-form. There are some three hundred taken from unpublished MSS as well. The arrangement of all the poems is chronological, and the literary apparatus of the books excellent.

John Clare wrote enormously when the fit was on him. He remarked himself that "When I am in the fit, I write as much in one week as would knock ye up a fair-sized volume." He forced his talent, or rather it may be said that his talent forced him, to a pitch of writing that led inevitably to mental breakdown. Yet out of the writing of poetry he derived great pleasure, and is still able to communicate it to the reader. To enjoy his work you must accept the poetic conventions of his time. Within those conventions you will find him spontaneous, fertile of fancy, often fresh of phrase, and writing direct from nature. Naturally in these two large volumes one may pick and choose and discard a good deal. One can follow his development as a poet through the chronological groups. He liked to coin words or use odd colloquial words in the description of natural phenomena. For instance,

The turkey gobbles loud and drops his rag
And struts and sprunts his tail and then lets drag
His wing on ground and makes a huzzing noise,
Nauntles at passer-by and drives the boys
And bounces up and flies at passer-by.

Something of the same casual nonchalance may be observed in the fecund and vastly uneven work of our own American hill poet, *Jesse Stuart.* Stuart is much more the kind of poet Clare was, than having any likeness to Burns, as has been claimed. Both he and Clare are and were fluent to their detriment. But Stuart has only one cadence, where Clare had many. The two poets are somewhat the same in their almost incredible banalities, and also in their occasional mightily fortunate simplicities. You will find Clare at his best in the vignettes of country life written at Northborough 1835-7. You may be surprised to discover how much he uses a loose sonnet form, even as does our modern Stuart.

In a recent issue of *Time and Tide* I ran across a modern instance of poetic criticism that seemed to me well-nigh incredible. The poems of a *Mr. George Barker* were under discussion, and the reviewer averred, "In *Luctus in morte infantis,* he has written a poem, which for fine vision is almost equal to the best in Hopkins. Nor is his technique, in that instance, anything less than it might be." Follows the "poem":

O that adept evader
Of the bubble or bomb
Who from the immediate womb
Leaped cloudward, to border

The budded thorn! He, though scarce
Earth breathing once
Intuitively analyzed the air
Contagious of fatal and sour

Ill, so sprang
Immaculate with his spring
Upon the skies' steps
Laughing with his leaps.

If that sort of stuff is to be called poetry, *Gerard Manley Hopkins* has indeed turned out to be a well-nigh fatal influence upon modern English verse! But why blame poor Father Hopkins, who sometimes achieved uncommon felicities in his wild experimentation with rhetoric? It is really chiefly the fault of the modern pedants and esotericists that such unmitigated blah is accorded any merit.

In "The Human Dawn" (Oxford University Press) *J. Redwood Anderson,* a contemporary English poet, with a rhythmic gift and considerable feeling for language, has retold the Adam and Eve legend and the story of Cain, giving it a new and modern significance. While the argument of the poem seems to me somewhat abstruse, the narrative is well wrought and the poem has beauty and dignity.

In nine sections of nine sonnets each, *Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer* sets forth in "First Symphony" (Houghton Mifflin) a reading of life in an analysis of the major passions. The poem-sequence is built up with a prelude and a statement and development of various themes. Some of the sonnets are based on incidents drawn

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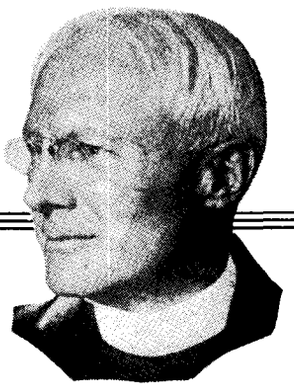
from various literatures and from history. Pulsifer commands an admirable clarity. He has something to say and says it directly and naturally within the sonnet form. There is little flash of extraordinary epithet or phrase, but there is always lucid language.

The American edition of *John Pudney's* "Open the Sky" (Doubleday, Doran) introduces a new young English poet, a contemporary of Spender and Auden. In the beginning he seems a little too fond of the ejaculatory "O." On page 6, however, I first truly apprehended him, in the debate of youth within itself concerning the choice it must make in regard to war, the difficulty of standing apart opposing the desire to do so. Then I lose track of him and find him and lose track again through succeeding pages of intimate and rather cryptic poems. I can't pretend to understand—though I gave close attention—all the things he is trying to say. I drowse intermittently over this work, that so taxes the spark of intuition to leap gaps. Mine can't leap some of the gaps. But I recognize the modern idiom—the mangled syntax, the wrenched simile:

Here, darling, is my life, surprised as country morning,
running my soiled town hands through grass.

That is rather good, rather fresh, rather easy, by comparison with some of the tauter poems; and "stalk like a tiger down the thicket year" is a rather striking phrase. In its sharp-faceted impressionism, this is indubitably poetry. It is also a trial method of expression, sometimes excessively strained in its tropes, sometimes peculiarly right—a whisking around corners, a skirting of edges, hardly ever saying the thing out. It leaves the impression of the engine racing but of the car not moving. Perhaps that is a portent of the time. These young men are trying to shape a new language for poetry. They are the pioneers. I admire their pioneering, even though the sense of what they are saying so often escapes me. These short poems are full of the impact on the senses of a mechanical age, of the mind frustrated and baffled by the haste and confusion of such an age; trying to introduce its emblems significantly into the verse; failing, and trying again. The play, "Joseph," forming the latter part of the book, is full of the contemporary social and economic struggle, introducing the symbolic "Hushmen," who stand for all governmental tyranny and suppression. In it, the birth of a new age is baptized with blood, in an analogue founded on Mary, Joseph, and the Child. The Broker, the Mortgagee, the Ace—all powers of the modern world—are introduced as the Magi. This is a fine original attempt, not without its force, though it is but a sketch of the powerful modern mystery play it might have been. But it leads one to hope that Mr. Pudney will be able to clarify his view of the modern world and present it in more communicative fashion.

The paradox of such work seems to me that such poets are writing for the immediate present, for the anxious minds of today; and yet their lyricism is esoteric and evasive, something the ordinary man cannot possibly understand. They actually need more contact with reality.



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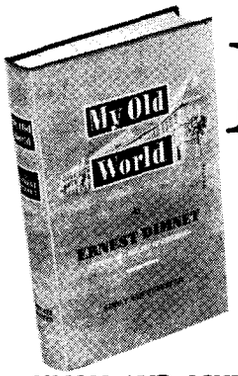

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The New Books

Education

PRINCIPLES OF ADOLESCENT PSYCHOLOGY. By Edmund S. Conklin. Holt. 1935. $3.75.

In its development of the statement that adolescence represents a "progressive change in the personality pattern and normally a progressive integration of the many behavior patterns contributing to the personality as a whole," this volume will be a stimulating one to the advanced college student. Written for three reasons—as "a teaching aid," for the information and guidance of individuals confronted with difficult problems in adolescent behavior, and with the hope of stimulating research, the first of its goals is most nearly attained. The literature has been exhaustively searched and the theories of many schools are clearly, if briefly, presented. Like many text books it will best serve as a "jumping-off" place from which the interested student may carry his studies to the primary sources. The author's generalizations are predominantly based upon the research studies of psychologists which reveal general tendencies in the behavior of groups of individuals. One questions whether those who are confronted with an individual problem in an adolescent would not have been better served had the author delved into his rich personal experience with adolescents for material illustrative of his generalizations. If the book serves as a stimulus to research it will be because constant reference is made not only to conflicting evidence but also to the gaps in our knowledge of the factors underlying adolescent behavior.

R. W. W.

Fiction

CONDEMNED TO LIVE. By Johann Rabener. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $3.

The story of a young man ruined by his own nervous instability, the violence of his mother's passions, and times which are decidedly out of joint, is not an easy one to tell. Fedor Feuerhahn never had the remotest chance to live what we are pleased to call a normal human existence, thanks to his sadistic, incestuous, sex-ridden mother, who made of his life a series of various kinds of hells. Nor did he in himself have the power of will, the human endurance, to overcome the handicap of his mother. Nothing that Fedor does is quite sane and normal; none of the people he meets, except Mariaschka, is free from some old man of the sea who rides him to death.

Perhaps it is because the characters in the novel are so hag-ridden that they never quite put on flesh. They are beings not of blood and bone, but of nerves, and very highstrung nerves. This fact gives the characters a two-dimensional appearance which makes them a little unreal.

Yet one must not forget that there are just such two-dimensional beings in the mad world of today, beings who are kept from living such lives as we like to think of as human because the world is mad, and they and those about them have not been able to keep calm in the tempest. Such people, whom one may meet especially in Germany at the present time, are well represented in Rabener's novel, yet not completely represented, for Rabener's characters exhibit only a few forms of madness, only a few forms of nervous life divorced from full human life.

"Condemned to Live" is a depressing book, one which it is best to throw aside with the comment, "People don't do such things"—that is, if one does not want to think. For people do do such things, and die for them, as do Fedor and Mariaschka and Beate. Rabener portrays such living as arouses intelligent terror. That despite this he fails to arouse pity, is the limitation of his book.

S. A. N.

FOREVER. By Mildred Cram. Knopf. 1935. $1.

This little book, which appeared in one of the magazines as a short story and is now issued between two covers, is a sentimental trifle of a love story. It tells how two spirits met between incarnations, while they were going about the surface of the earth educating themselves for rebirth; how they fell in love (discarnate spirits are of all ages, but they were both

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young), and gave each other a rendezvous in life; and how they met there, partly by chance and partly by prenatal memory. But the girl's prenatal memory has not been strong enough to prevent her taking a husband; however, by singular good fortune, the lovers die in simultaneous but unconnected accidents, and meet again as spirits. Thus all is well—except, indeed, for the obstinately unhappy third side to every triangle, the husband, who, being condemned by the author to a lifetime of remorse for having killed his young wife by his reckless driving, is scarcely better off than if the others had eloped in the more customary fashion.

The book has fancy, but neither imagination nor logic. The author can say that the hero was a child during the European Civil War, and speak of the destroyed cities of Paris and Berlin, but she cannot imagine real consequences; her background of solicitors and "ladies" and the "Blue Danube" is the purest present. And her lovers, once dead, are allowed to congratulate themselves on being together for ever, though they have every reason to know that, by the author's postulates, they are destined to be separated again by birth, after an intermediate period first of forgetting about life and then of learning about it—which seems an inefficient sort of design for dying. There is no comfort here. It is hardly worth while to have a European Civil War if the post-war world is so like the present, and hardly worth while dying if death is so monotonously like life.

B. D.

UNDER THE LINDEN TREE. By Thames Williamson. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.50.

Mr. Thames Williamson is an author whose work is of remarkably uneven quality; but even its occasional failures are due to a virtue in him, his unwillingness to repeat his successes. He is drawn to the primitive, but he does not attach himself to any single primitive society, just as he does not confine himself to a single manner of writing. Instead, he takes one people after another, from the Arctic to the Ozarks, studies them, writes a book whose very style is an evident attempt to express the peculiar feel of his subject (one remembers the matter-of-fact magic in "The Earth Told Me"), and then, having exhausted the interest which that world holds for him, goes on without a backward look in search of another.

This time his love of the primitive has led him, not to the tundras or anywhere else on earth, but to the world of Grimm's fairy tales. He shows us a German village where a disappointed old maid lives with her canary, her old dog, and her cat which she cherishes because she has come to believe that to be happy one must learn to be as cruel and unloving as a cat is. She believes that when animals die they live again as humans, and sure enough, her pets die one by one, and come back as a girl in a yellow dress, a nice old man, and an elegant, slender gentleman who terrifies the canary-girl with his predatory looks. The story goes on to the triumph of good and the punishment of evil, in the appointed way of fairy tales; indeed, the book is so steeped in the atmosphere of Grimm that the very style seems stiff, like a translation from the German.

The book has such sweet simplicity in its affirmation of good that one is reluctant to condemn it; and yet one can only say that fairy tales ought not to be made into novels. Not the best of the real Grimm, not "The Twelve Wild Swans" itself, could sustain the interest over three hundred pages; and "The Twelve Wild Swans" is a better story to start with than "Under the Linden Tree." Its subtitle is "An Interlude"; there is no doubt it will be an interlude in the development of its author's talent.

B. D.

WALLS AGAINST THE WIND. By Frances Park. Houghton Mifflin. 1935. $2.

Written with a charming simplicity, this novel has a thin, fresh, silvery modern note all its own. Villenoir-sous-Bois, the "village behind walls," where Emily Hastings has settled into a quiet middle age, enchants us by its stillness and its thickly shaded gardens; and our interest quickens as each new figure of the story is revealed to us by Miss Park's delicate penciling. She shows us a small and strangely assorted group, Americans who live in Villenoir—placid Mrs. Hastings and her pretty step-daughter, Julie, old Mr. Carter, who was once a great pianist, and Luke and Miranda, a brother and sister who are quite different from other people in their curiously untouched, unworldly innocence, and elusive charm.

Mrs. Hastings's own daughter Kay

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—*Christopher Morley.*

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY *Publishers*

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breaks suddenly into this quiet world; with her coming everything changes. Her arrival is the slender thread from which the whole story is spun, until it is drawn out into a delicate and intricate web, inevitable and complete.

Miss Park is at her best in her descriptive passages; people and places are vividly reflected in our minds. She is quite successful, also, in making clear to us the relationships and shades of relationships of her characters. She handles her story deftly. And yet, putting down the book, we are aware of disappointment, first faint and shadowy at the back of our minds, then shaping into definite discontent. We are led to expect a more interesting, a more intense story, than we are given. The book has charm, but something fundamental in it does not ring quite right.

C. C.

DR. MALLORY. By Allan L. Hart. Norton. 1935. $2.50.

Doctors seem destined to appear, literarily speaking, always in one of only two guises. Like women in Victoria's day, they are either very, very good or they are horrid. Dr. Mallory belongs to the superman group. Like so many of his predecessors, he gives his life to the service of his ungrateful patients, fighting the good fight against their ignorance and viciousness, and against his confrères, every one of whom has surrendered the ideals of Hippocrates for cash and juggled honors. He was only ten when he felt the "call" to become a doctor. We see him first in the medical school, then as a young surgeon in the hospital and police wards, and at last having brilliantly completed his training, confronted with the need to decide on a "location." He chooses a picturesque and desolate salmon-fishing village, and proceeds at once to arouse the suspicious dislike of the natives and his brother physicians by his zeal in welfare work and education. His superlatively beautiful, talented, and Europeanly-educated wife, unable to grasp the significance of her husband's calling, soon leaves him to pursue her own career in more civilized places. Desolated by her withdrawal, the Doctor throws himself harder and harder into his salvaging job, and manages to realize his dream of a thoroughly up-to-date hospital. But he is destined to enjoy this achievement but a short time. While still a comparatively young man, although grayed by his toil, he dies a victim to his passionate service to humanity.

In spite of the sentimentality of the story, in spite of the fact that it displays all the faults of a not very well-written first novel, one is conscious throughout of an unmuddied sincerity which holds one's attention surprisingly. By far the best parts are the descriptions of the little village lifted on stilts above the river which is its highway, and from which the natives haul their sustenance. Here, one is sure, is first-hand knowledge, and here the author has added a piece to that jigsaw puzzle-picture of America our novelists are gradually setting up for us. As such the book can be regarded as a contribution.

M. S. U.

★ A LETTER FROM HERVEY ALLEN
AUTHOR OF ANTHONY ADVERSE
TO THE PUBLISHERS OF ....

IN HIS OWN COUNTRY
by JOHN GILL

"This is just a brief note to you to tell you how much I have enjoyed a book which you have recently published: John Gill's 'In His Own Country.'

"It seems to me it strikes a note, which, altho' it may seem to be a paradox just at this most disturbed of all times, may for that very reason be the 'something different' for which readers are always looking, i.e., the note of quiet satisfactory living in a charming section of the United States.

"Readers who are tired of reading about nothing but wars and rumors of wars, economic treatises on the what-have-you—and of the world's troubles in general will find in 'In His Own Country' something they have lost—and are looking for.

"This is a novel of real people, moderns, but they move in the quiet light of the familiar essay against a background of charming and essentially native landscape.

Sincerely yours—
HERVEY ALLEN."

(E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC., $2.50)

P. S. *Critics everywhere (including Louise M. Field in the Times Book Review) share Hervey Allen's opinion.*

FELLOW MORTALS. By Marion Strobel. Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.

Miss Strobel has built her book about a well-to-do Chicago family, the Amblers, and more particularly about Isobel Ambler, a rather delicious, mindless creature, who—with blind faith—loves a neurotic intellectual named Thurbur Lamb.

One wishes that Miss Strobel were less of an impressionist and that her style had more clarity and smoothness. If it were possible to visualize her characters more clearly, one would find them more coherent and convincing. They are sharply individualized enough, but they are shown to us in fragments, and they are disquietingly unreal in their manner of speaking and in the trick they have of rattling out short lectures on various profound subjects. The author has, apparently, consciously endeavored to capture in her restless style the syncopated rhythms of American life, for when she writes of Europeans, her words flow evenly, and we are no longer disturbed by a flawed and troubled surface. In momentary stillnesses we find her best flashes of description, which sometimes have a quality suggestive of French Impressionist painting.

She has taken enormous pains with every one of her characters, and she has endeavored to give them souls, as well as bodies. Each one, in the initial conception, is interesting in his or her way, but their various separate beings never flow together and fuse to make a novel. There is never, in the strict sense of the word, a story to unite them. Miss Strobel, in weighting her book with a philosophy which is not particularly impressively borne in upon the reader—"Let your faith be stirred, if only by some folly you believe in,"—has swamped the story.

C. C.

DILEMMAS. By A. E. W. Mason. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.

Anyone who has admired such mystery novels of A. E. W. Mason's as "No Other Tiger," will be glad to have these short stories of strange events, with their elements of mystery, horror, and even (in one at least) of the supernatural, a good many of them laid in foreign lands. There are a dozen stories, with two true and strange stories appended as "War Notes," one being an account of the peculiar death of Mata Hari. The first two stories deal with terrible memories stamped upon the minds of young women under strange circumstances. The third is a story of a girl's escape from a wrecked steamer, and the peculiar fate that befell her. That will give you an idea of the contents. One has only to say further that Mr. Mason is a seasoned writer of this sort of tale, and that his stories are excellent in their compactness and suspense. The present reviewer had a thoroughly good evening over the book, and it is recommended to keep any tired business man from snoozing in his evening arm-chair. Of the twenty-four other books by Mr. Mason, most of which we have enjoyed in the past, "The Four Feathers," "At the Villa Rose," and "The House of the Arrow" are particularly remembered. Anyone who falls under this author's spell for the first time in the present volume will profit by looking these up.

W. R. B.

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International

AFTER HITLER'S FALL. By Prince Hubertus Loewenstein. Translated by Denis Waldock. Macmillan. $3.50.

Beginning with the statement that the Idea of the Reich, which has already gone through the manifestations of the Roman Empire, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Holy Roman Empire, is still alive in the minds of men, and especially of Germans, Prince Loewenstein asserts that this Idea will in the near future have a new manifestation in a Reich that will first embrace Germany and Germans, and then Western Europe. Following this assertion, he gives an account, somewhat detailed but still quite emotional, of the structure, political, social, and religious, of the new Reich. The new Reich will be a Reich of peace, coöperation, mutual help, and understanding; it will be governed and guided by men chosen for their clear-sighted judgment and their unselfish devotion to their fellow-men and to the Idea of the Reich; it will eliminate at once the dangers of communism and dictatorship, as well as the classes into which men are now divided. When men have undergone a complete psychological change, and when politics is philanthropy; when intelligence is general and when emotions are kept in reasonable check, then perhaps the new Reich may succeed. The notion behind this book is essentially German, very beautiful, and, it is to be feared, thoroughly impractical.

S. A. N.

Miscellaneous

HIGH SPOTS IN THE ANDES. By Josephine Hoeppner Woods. Putnam. 1935. $2.75.

Mrs. Woods went to South America with her engineer-husband and wrote letters home to "my very dear Byrdie-Byrd" and other relatives and friends telling all about their life at several American-owned mines three miles up in the air in the Andes. These letters, put end to end, one surmises, so as to make suitable chapter lengths but otherwise unchanged, even indulging Mrs. Woods's fondness for enclosing all the more well-worn phrases in quotation marks, make up her book. Living at fifteen thousand feet altitude is a cold, bleak business even in the tropics. but Mrs. Woods kept her health and cheerfulness and she tells how they got there, how they lived, what they ate, how gold is mined, and all the rest.

Politics

CHALLENGE TO DEMOCRACY. By C. Delisle Burns. Norton. 1935. $2.50.

Even individual designs for living need more than a blueprint for survival and Mr. Burns rightly objects to the multiplicity of ground-plans now current for national reorganization. His approach recognizes more clearly than most the moral factors underlying material insecurity; consequently, though he has eschewed the construction of a full-sized philosophy, he fervently attacks the persistence of certain assumptions long associated with democratic thought. The need of a new psychology and a new ethics takes precedence, to his mind, over any economic scheme.

Perhaps the most constructive of Mr. Burns's contentions is that modern society still bears the marks of centuries of slavery; it follows, from this distrust of human rights and dignity, that the administration of public affairs has been imbued with a sense of respect for force alone, and not for benevolence or altruism. Taking advantage of the complexity which subsists in a mechanized world, the fascist groups have capitalized this respect, at many times its real value, and thus promulgated a restrictive barbarism. Mr. Burns emphasizes that no discipline is more civilizing than self-control and he urges that a sense of common responsibility among the "nobodies" of the nation would both ensure an intelligent choice of leaders and effective use of authority for the general welfare.

Formulated in such terms, this program evades any pragmatic critique as to ways and means, for it gives none but the most fragmentary hints regarding the transmission of the highly prized "sense of the community" to the majority of the electorate. Furthermore, though it is made clear that the citizen's primary importance derives from his ability to assess the facts of communal life, there is no indication of what lines that function should follow to remain in keeping with the ideal of free judgment. From a logical standpoint, moreover, Mr. Burns comes perilously close, at times, to assuming the contention he sets out to prove: namely, that the habit of helpfulness is natural to the average human being. Such perplexities prevent his book from providing much impetus to a new faith in man's ability to govern according to his own best interests; it is, however, a sincere criticism of the many anomalies prevailing in this commonwealth and among the "concert" of nations.

R. G.

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

MR. FORTUNE'S MAGGOT. By Sylvia Townsend Warner (*Viking*).

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS (*Harcourt, Brace*).

FATAL INTERVIEW. By Edna St. Vincent Millay (*Harpers*).

America's Development

WELL, we, that is the *Saturday Review*, have got us a new dress for Easter, and are stepping out all merry and zestful in our short skirts. We, that is I this time, haven't quite struck our stride in them yet, and don't know just how many typewritten pages are going to fill our new column. I, that is the we of a moment ago, refuse to have any of my precious space filched from me, more especially as I need room for apologizing for the lateness of replies that have to wait their turn till earlier ones are out of the way, and need, too, room for a few lines to proclaim my ignominy in having recommended to someone Bryce's AMERICAN CONSTITUTION. I can only suppose, since no one called attention to the mistake but a friend of my newspaper days, and he an erstwhile political correspondent, that readers saw, as I did on the proof, what ought to have been there and not the substitution I unwittingly made for the correct title. And to think that it was I who in her salad days lent the newspaper man's wife my copy of THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH! Life is ironical! But this is no way to answer the letters which are piled on my desk. To that forthwith.

Have you a list (*writes* M. A. W. of Philadelphia, Pa.) *or would you suggest a partial one, of novels and readable, untechnical non-fiction, dealing with the developments in American social and economic life since about* 1880 *or* 1900? *Perhaps, the new West, reclamation, conservation, big business, railroads, manufacturing, politics, labor, the farmer.*

I haven't any such list already drawn up, but I'll set down a few tentative suggestions, and if M. A. W. finds they do not answer her purpose or wishes them enlarged upon I'll send her another list upon demand. First for the fiction. One of the earliest novels to make social and economic questions the fulcrum of its tale was THE BREADWINNERS (Harpers), published anonymously when it originally appeared in 1884, but afterward acknowledged as the work of John Hay. In it Hay satirized the trade unions and upheld economic individualism; the book was negligible as a work of fiction and though it was not long since reissued is of interest today solely for the light it casts on the economic trends of its time. A year later William Dean Howells in THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM (Houghton Mifflin) reflected some of the business ideals of the period, and a few years later still in A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES (Harpers) depicted the strife of classes and fierce labor troubles. Hamlin Garland, a disciple of Henry George, in PRAIRIE FOLKS (Harpers) and ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLY (Harpers) turned his realism upon the grim struggle for existence of the humbler classes, and some little time later Jacob Riis, tenement house commissioner of New York, under a thin disguise of fiction presented a series of sociological studies in HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES (Scribners). Then came Frank Norris with his MCTEAGUE (Doubleday, Doran), a bitter picture of the grinding poverty and suffering of the laboring classes, and THE PIT and THE OCTOPUS (both Doubleday, Doran), the first two volumes of an unfinished trilogy designed to show the warfare of the capitalists against the community. Dreiser, with THE FINANCIER and THE TITAN (both Boni), and Upton Sinclair with such books as THE JUNGLE (published by himself), OIL! (Boni), and BOSTON (Boni) recorded events and trends in the economic world still recent. To this list, which indirectly charts the lines of American social and economic development, should be added such works as Sinclair Lewis's MAIN STREET, BABBITT, and THE MAN WHO KNEW COOLIDGE (all Harcourt, Brace), which contain some of the most scathing comment upon the American social scene of the past decade and a half, recent proletarian novels like Robert Cantwell's LAND OF PLENTY (Farrar & Rinehart), Albert Halper's UNION SQUARE (Viking), and Catherine Brody's NOBODY STARVES (Longmans Green). M. A. W. mentions novels of the soil. There is no corner of the fiction field which has of late come into more prominence than this, or in which realism has more completely supplanted the romantic instinct. Ellen Glasgow's BARREN GROUND (Doubleday, Doran), Edna Ferber's SO BIG (Doubleday, Doran), Gladys Hasty Carroll's AS THE EARTH TURNS (Macmillan), Leroy MacLeod's YEARS OF PEACE (Appleton-Century), and a dozen other tales of the farm depict country life not in the glamour of a poetic imagination but in its hard realities with labor, and weariness, and monotony the order of its day.

So much for the novels. For the untechnical non-fiction which M. A. W. wants I suggest John Chamberlain's FAREWELL TO REFORM (Day), which begins in the era of Roosevelt the First and traces the rise, growth, and decay of the progressive mind in America; Ernest Sutherland Bates's THIS LAND OF LIBERTY (Harpers), MIDDLETOWN (Harcourt, Brace), by Robert S. Lynd and Helen M. Lynd, a study in contemporary American culture, Stuart Chase's MEN AND MACHINES (Macmillan), Secretary Wallace's NEW FRONTIERS (Reynal & Hitchcock), Norman Thomas's THE CHOICE BEFORE US (Macmillan), and Ernest K. Lindley's THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION (Viking). These are merely the sketchiest sort of suggestions, nothing more than something to nibble at. There is an enormous literature available if M. A. W. wants to go more thoroughly into a study of the recent past and the present, but perhaps as a starter these will serve.

More Help from Readers

Elizabeth Nitchie, adding to the list of fiction and belles lettres showing the impact of the war which I printed in response to an inquiry by *J. T. S. of New York*, suggests THE INTERNATIONAL NOTE IN CONTEMPORARY DRAMA (New York: The Kingsland Press), by Evelyn Newman, and PENS FOR PLOUGHSHARES (Boston: Faxon), prepared by Miss Nitchie herself and three others. This last is a bibliography of creative literature that encourages world peace, and lists books in foreign languages as well as English. Philip Ainsworth Means comes nobly to the rescue of *A. B. of Evanston, Ill.*, who wanted references to material on South American music, with citation of Eleanor Hague's LATIN-AMERICAN MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT (Santa Ana, Calif.: Fine Arts Press), LA MUSIQUE DES INCAS ET DES SURVIVANCES (Paris), by R. and M. d'Harcourt, Mme. d'Harcourt's MELODIES POPULAIRES INDIENNES (Paris), and Herbert Joseph Spinden's SONGS OF THE TEWA (New York: Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts, 850 Lexington Avenue).

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Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By J. DeLancey Ferguson

SYRACUSE tradition has it that Stephen Crane was the best pitcher the college baseball team ever had. Actually, he never pitched a game during his whole season on the team. Sometimes he was catcher; sometimes shortstop. As catcher, he was once "applauded for good work behind that bat"; as shortstop he was "the weak spot on the team." Crane also violated tradition by rating an "A" in English. Claude Jones presents these facts in a short article, "Stephen Crane at Syracuse," in the March issue of *American Literature*.

In the same journal, Herbert R. Brown's "The Great American Novel" summarizes the loud and prolonged demands for that impossible piece of fiction in the latter half of the nineteenth century. "By the end of the century the demand for *the* book became less vehement and less frequent. The parochial expectancy of the impossible had become too fair a target for satirists. Perhaps the saving grace of humor had something to do with it. A novel which was to be at once radiantly fresh and maturely wise, tender as a young virgin and stalwart as a pioneer, as towering as Niagara and as powerful as the Mississippi, romantic and realistic, didactic and scientific, and withal a tale which should hold children from play and old men from the chimney corner—this indeed may have seemed too much—even for America.

"It is one of the curiosities of American literature not mentioned by Rufus Griswold, that when great American novels finally began to arrive those who called for them most loudly were not present with their salute."

Miss Marjorie Nicolson is engaged in a comprehensive study of the effect on the human imagination of Copernican astronomy. Her first article, "The Telescope and Imagination" (*Modern Philology*, February), summarizes the publications of Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo, and their immediate effect, especially in Italy. The next article in the series, "Milton and the Telescope," appears in *ELH, A Journal of English Literary History*, for April. Miss Nicolson contrasts the conventional references to the heavens in Milton's early works with the vivid realizations of the vastness of space in "Paradise Lost." She quotes with approval David Masson's assertion that "Shakespeare lived in a world of time, Milton in a universe of space." She concludes by suggesting that "The eighteenth-century growing 'delight in wide views' . . . has usually been associated with growing interest in mountains and in mountainous scenery; but in this delight, as well as in the sense of perspective and the awareness of space which enters English writing after 'Paradise Lost,' there is in part a direct heritage from Galileo's telescope, and in part a heritage from Milton."

Mr. Ferguson is acting professor of English at Western Reserve University.

BIOGRAPHY PHILOSOPHY

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BY

Christine Whiting Parmenter

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QUINTUPLET No. 3

1. Name 5 prominent Americans with beards.
2. List 5 book titles in which the word "red" appears.
3. Name 5 mistresses of French kings.
4. Give 5 names of small imaginary people.
5. Give 5 slang names for a pistol.

(Correct answers are given at the bottom of this column).

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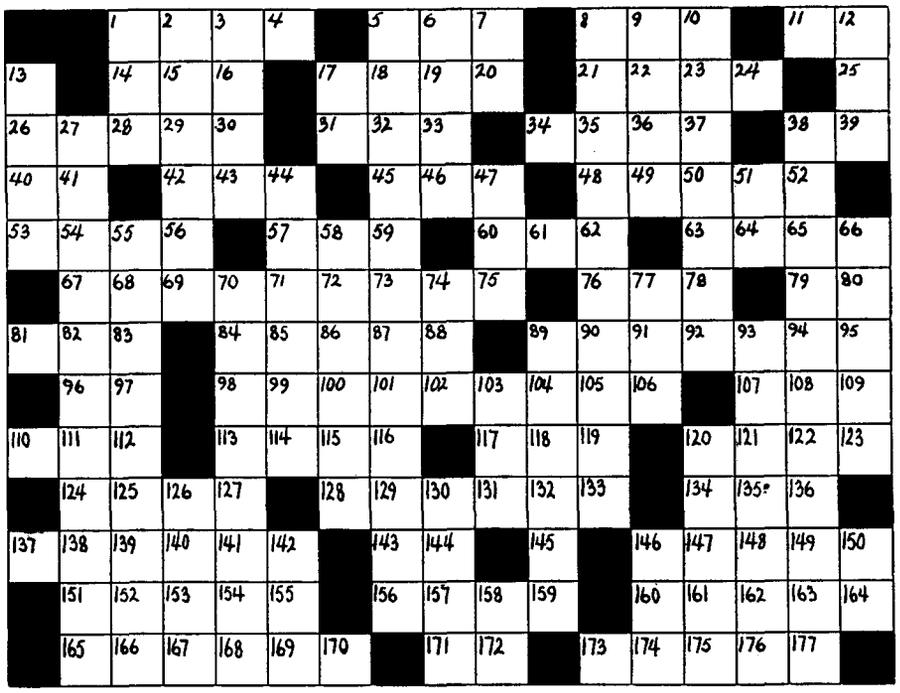
ANSWERS

1. Chief Justice Hughes, Jo Davidson, Senators J. Hiam Lewis and George Tinkham, Ernest Boyd, Bitzalel (General) Vanderbilt, Ezra Pound, S. S. Van Dine, Arthur (Curtiss James, Professor Irving Fisher, Edwin Markham.
2. The Red and the Black, Ruggles of Red Gap, Red Sky at Morning, Red Rocks, The Red Castle Mystery, Five Red Herrings, The Red Badge of Courage, The Red Planet, Under the Red Robe, So Red the Rose.
3. Agnes Sorel, Mme. de Maintenon, Louise de la Vallière, Mme. de Montespan, Mme. de Pompadour, Mme. du Barry.
4. Elves, fairies, gnomes, sprites, pixies, lepercha uns, kobolds, brownies, sylphs, goblins, imps.
5. Rod, rat, cannon, pump, stick, roscoe, six-gun, betsy.

Double-Crostics: No. 58

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 27 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Apparatus for distilling.

II. English poet and divine (1613-49).

III. Region of Sheridan's famous raid.

IV. Sudden caprice; peculiar humor.

V. Complicated, intricate.

VI. Hero of Trafalgar.

VII. Allegorical name applied to Israel by Isaiah.

VIII. Father of King Arthur.

IX. Modern French composer.

X. Famous Arctic explorer. (1861-1930)

XI. Furnishes, invests, clothes.

XII. Fifteenth century Venetian press.

XIII. Weakness or defect in character.

XIV. Of bad disposition (colloq.).

XV. Author of "He sent Forth a Raven."

XVI. A slogan; secret password.

XVII. Phœnician goddess of fertility.

XVIII. Acutely, perspicaciously.

XIX. First-born; most ancient.

XX. Poseidon's attendants.

XXI. Hell of the New Testament.

XXII. Fragrant rosin of the agalloch.

XXIII. Means of reanimation.

XXIV. Perplexed, bewildered, harassed.

XXV. Character in "Antony and Cleopatra."

XXVI. Weird sisters (Anglo-Saxon).

WORDS

57 33 78 95 84 143 21

99 30 11 52 61 134 151

133 124 29 114 145 40 13 96 171 152

120 15 26 23 164 155 4

19 82 72 147 103 130 162 123

51 169 32 8 113 135

165 35 9 115 64 112

148 117 6 62 168

37 175 139 55 90

10 110 77 172 24 47

86 20 67 46 73 160

18 156 59 121 66 119

158 36 81 85 176

22 126 58 44 154 116

146 39 107 140 167 60 98

142 25 157 89 48 76 38 7 42 118

31 75 43 5 94 132 125 14 177

88 174 161 2 74 34

54 141 150 100 69 83

144 71 56 153 65 136 45

41 127 28 138 12 101 166

80 3 91 16 106

137 159 97 50 131 105 128 163 109 149 27

173 68 93 102 17 87 49 79 70 111

104 63 1 53

170 129 108 122 92

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

AND should Old Quercus also shave off his beard? Think what the frosty little chin-whisk did for George Doran, giving him the look of a distinguished psychoanalyst, inspiring confidence in poets and premiers. ☞The ideal motto for a psychoanalyst would be a perversion of Robert Herrick's line—*Gather neuroses while ye may.* ☞They say of Eddie Bernays, whose sinewy mind lurks unsuspected among so many fiscal projects (he is a Public Relations Counsellor) that he is the one man who could make the American public wear beards if he cared to, or if he were offended by a Razor Account. ☞Mr. Bernays's little magazine *Contact* quotes a saying that "the typical New York Consumer has light brown hair, hazel eyes, and medium complexion. She is 22 years old." ☞And reads, we suppose, the Hearst papers. ☞The publication this month of 4 volumes of Pareto will mean little to her. ☞The Trade in Boston had quite a flutter last week when George Seiffert made selling calls on them in Mr. Buckminster Fuller's streamline Dymaxion car. The cops wouldn't let it remain in front of the Parker House, where it turned Tremont Street traffic into a sociological custard, so Mr. Seiffert ingeniously suggested parking it at the Old Corner Book Store. ☞Thousands of curious Bostonians milled around in front of the Old Corner, and Mr. Seiffert put copies of some books he was selling inside the cynosure vehicle, beheld of many. ☞Arthur Dragon doubled his orders for Mr. Seiffert's titles and Joe Jennings, dean of the Boston Trade, was taken for a spin (several spins) on Beacon Hill.

☞Quercus found himself with an hour to ramble round Bennington, Vermont; he saw the new college in the distance, the monument on the site of the old Catamount Tavern, and was delighted to find copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW in the Bennington Book Shop. ☞Also learned of a sweetmeat new to him which is very popular up North, called Divinity Fudge: white blocks of diabetes evidently suggested by the marble quarries of Vermont. ☞You may know that spring has reached Boston when the old man appears outside the Granary Burial Ground on Tremont Street selling fresh catnip. ☞Which reminds us that the annual frolic and rollover of the Associated Book Travelers will be held at the Rye Country Club on May 7. ☞The trade has given a handsome reception to the advance copies of *Paths of Glory* by Humphrey Cobb (Viking), a War story which is certainly the most powerful since *All Quiet*, and heart-sickening in its simple veracity. ☞Western Union, as usual, has taken much of the pleasure out of Mother's Day with its gruesome list of Suggested Messages. If Dowager Mrs. Quercus ever got Message 386 (*I send a blessing for every thread of silver on my mother's head*) she would justifiably commit filicide. ☞The various aviation companies may look forward to a small but sure increase in traffic. Mr. Frank Henry of Doubleday's, who has hitherto had a strong addiction to Terra Firma, was persuaded to fly from Philadelphia to New York after a book-promotion afternoon at Strawbridge and Clothier's. Accompanied by Mr. George Hecht and Elderly Quercus, Mr. Henry expressed great enthusiasm for the service of the Eastern Air Lines and the skill of Mr. Fred Jones, the pilot. "I knew there was a whole lot of atmosphere on top of us," he said, "but I had no idea it would hold up so beautifully. I wish book sales were like that. The next time I go to Chicago I'm going to fly."

☞Quercus looks forward with great interest to the early return of Mr. W. S. Hall, of Snyder & Hall (the most ecumenical booksellers) who has been canvassing the European market for U. S. books. Mr. Hall writes from Copenhagen of the remarkable window display in the Magasin du Nord (big department store there) to celebrate the Danish publication of *Anthony Adverse*. "The window showed an ordinary shipping dept. truck filled with packages. Other packages, all uniform in size, were spilled about the window. No books were in sight, nor would there be till pub. date but little signs told about the contents, that this was how they arrived from the binder, that 'Amerika er solgti 500,000 Eksemplarer.' " ☞Mr. Hall adds that in Paris he had a vigorous engagement with customs officials. "It all happened because I made the mistake of mailing 6 packages of book catalogs in N. Y. to myself in Paris. That looked suspicious to a Frenchman—'from W. S. Hall to W. S. Hall.' At least 10 officials of various ranks and uniforms had to pass an opinion on whether I should get the packages or go to jail."

☞On the date of this issue, May 4, a tablet in memory of John Galsworthy is being dedicated in the cloisters of New College, Oxford, where he studied as an undergraduate. Professor Gilbert Murray and Mr. John Masefield will speak to the occasion. ☞A novel we have not heard enough about is *Portrait of the Artist's Children* by Edward Charles (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $2). We commend it to the browsing bookseller, who may be taken unawares by its unusual flavor; admirable for the customer who is not easy to please. ☞The American Merchant Marine Library, 67 Wall Street, N. Y. City, issues its annual appeal for books for seamen's libraries. Among the titles specially asked for by sailor readers are *Lightship* by Archie Binns, *Pitcairn's Island* by Nordhoff and Hall, *Long Remember* by Kantor, *Captain Caution* by Roberts, and *The Cingalese Prince* by Atkinson.

☞The Metropolitan Press of Portland, Oregon, announces *Adventures in Americana*, a book for collectors by Frederick W. Skiff, ($2.50). ☞The Zamarano Club of Los Angeles has published the biography of Don Agustin Zamorano, California's first printer, by George L. Harding. The selling agent is J. W. Robinson Company, Book Department, Los Angeles.

"The BIG 4" in New Mysteries

1— THE HOUSE ON THE ROOF by Mignon G. Eberhart

2— Mr. FORTUNE OBJECTS by H. C. Bailey

3— JIMMIE DALE AND THE MISSING HOUR by Frank L. Packard

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The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich.

The Typographer on Tour

A Baltimore Library: A great square room with book shelves reaching to the ceiling on all four walls—a room literally lined with books: a room of magnificent proportions and great size humanized by the books and by the owner—"no book-collectors like that in New York any more," said my companion. At the suggestion of incunabula we were shown six feet of early printed books—" 'fourteeners," the owner prefers to call them, a Caxton, a Jenson, a fragment of a *Donatus*, a small, thin quarto of Gutenberg's time—no profusion of incunabula to depress one by their quantity and their dulness, but a handful of exemplars for a gentleman's library. Shakespeare folios? Yes, all four, good copies—and again, enough but not too much of a good thing. The collector-owner was proud of his books, knowing them, and never hesitating in putting his hand on the book he wanted, from the wretched Indian Bible of John Eliot to the Didot Racine, from the early Maryland imprints of William Parks to Audubon's "Birds of America." A great collection of books, presided over by a man who knew and cared for them.

War Markers: Out of Richmond a few miles our host said "Seven Pines." There they were, perhaps the original trees, for trees live longer than Phil Kearney or the memory of battles. All along the roads are cast iron slabs with historical memoranda done in cast iron letters—the same letters that are used on manhole-covers and other commercial bric-a-brac: letters so small that one must stop short to read—which no one, so far as I saw, did do. The only historical signs a breathless motoring world ever read were those disfiguring—but certainly legible—signboards erected by United States Tires: which, as a foreigner said, it does, but why advertise the fact?

A Baltimore Printing Office: About the last word in mechanical efficiency applied to printing, control of temperature and moisture, scientific artificial lighting, precision devices, sound-deadening walls and ceilings, short work-hours with rest periods, arrangements for the prevention of errors human or mechanical, in fact the mechanized printing office complete one sees in the Waverley Press. The industrial helot can hardly ask for anything more—in fact he couldn't dream of what there is here. It is an exhibition of all that is best and worst in our industrial system — the mechanical engineer and the psychologist working hand in hand towards an impersonal, dehumanized industry. Whether such is the path that industry should take seems a futile question before the fact on the one hand of its actual existence in such a printing office, and on the other hand of the sentimental reaction from it by the over-wrought nerves of its very beneficiaries—as witness Williamsburg, where millions of dollars have been spent in desperate effort to re-create the handcraft era!

Duke of Gloucester Street: Ten years ago, when I saw it first, the street was a moth-eaten, fly-blown dirt road with festoons of telegraph wires down the middle of a shabby grass plot. Today it is the same street, but incredibly altered for the better—altered in such subtle ways that one looks twice to realize just what has happened. Where was an open field with a pile of stones now rises the old Capitol —looking and almost smelling two centuries old; where were scores of negro cabins is now the Governor's Palace, one of the grandest small buildings in America, a perfect compromise between grandiose idea and domestic construction; and where once was some forlorn Virginia structure now stands an A. & P. store which defies all precedent!

But this annotator is neither an architect, an archeologist, nor a historian, and the typographic efflorescence was of more interest than even the tulips and hyacinths in the Palace Gardens. The first glimpse of what had been done with letters was not very encouraging: the signs on the street, painted in imitation of broad-pen writing. The great tablet in the wall of the Palace Gardens, clever enough with its plan of the rediscovered coffins, had too flippant a letter form; and the Raleigh Tavern sign was too timid—a frequent mistake of the uncertain letterer.

I have before me four of the booklets given at Travis House, the Capitol, the Palace, and Raleigh Tavern, and they are disappointing. In the first place each one is printed on paper with the grain the wrong way of the page. This is always quite inexcusable. One of them is printed in Garamond—about as appropriate in Williamsburg as chain mail on Patrick Henry—and the other three in a rather indifferent Caslon, badly composed. There are other typographic indelicacies—but, after all the millions spent on building, furnishing, and equipping these houses, why should not an hour or two have been spent in looking at the typography of the books spread about the Capitol—good, stout, robust eighteenth century books—before trying to do eighteenth century printing from imperfect memory?

The Virginia Gazette: Founded just two hundred years ago (1736). The present paper (weekly, new series, fourth year) is really a pretty sad looking effort. A battered zinc photo-engraving of the early head, perched on top of five columns of completely unrelated linotype newspaper-setting, is grotesque. There are problems in mimicking an eighteenth century newspaper today, but a good deal could be done: the "funnies" probably must stand, the "boiler-plate" could go—and might not one work on the Wayside-Inn-proclivities of Henry Ford, and advertise the V-8 in a way which would not offend one's feeling for the eighteenth century?

It's the little pins that annoy one most, by their persistency. The menus at the Williamsburg Inn were as completely bad as even menus can be—the printing, I mean: the food was excellent! In fact the food had to be pretty good to counteract the effect of the wrong use of the worst black-letter type ever invented.

Maps: The best road maps, from Maine to South Carolina (I haven't tried 'em elsewhere) are the Standard Oil Company's. "Clearness, force, and elegance," as Adams Sherman Hill used to say, are the necessary elements. . . .

Architecture at U. of P.

"The Book of the School," a well-arranged and admirably illustrated account of the activities of the architectural graduates of the University of Pennsylvania, has been issued by the University of Pennsylvania Press. The use of off-set lithography instead of the half-tone process gives the pictures a much more attractive quality. The price is $3.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
JOHN O' THE GREEN *Jeffery Farnol* (Little, Brown: $2.50.)	Romantic Adventure	"Knights and rogues, friars and fools in the days before travellers made pilgrimages to Canterbury."	Farnol
THE BACHELOR PRINCE *Frazier Hunt* (Harpers: $3.)	Special	Wales, behind the rotogravures.	Oke
THE CAIRN *T. J. Morrison* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Novel	Embittered heir to Highland estate repairs its dissipation by plastered papa. Good story.	Scotch
THE YELLOW DIAMOND *George Gibbs* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Romantic Adventure	Centering about a jumped diamond claim in Equatorial Africa.	Good

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines.) All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL for sale or summer rental. Louise Swartz, Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

FOR SALE—In the hills. Century-old completely converted barn, five bedrooms, modern bathrooms, G. E. oil furnace, separate studio, heated garage. Enquire Mrs. Arthur Titus, Washington, Conn.

ARE YOU lonely or blue? Join The Star Friendship Exchange, Box 1329, Roanoke, Va. Send stamp for particulars

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PIANO Instruction, $1.50 hour lesson at pupil's residence (all boroughs). David Hirschberg, 82 Du Bois Ave., Staten Island.

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PERSONALS

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